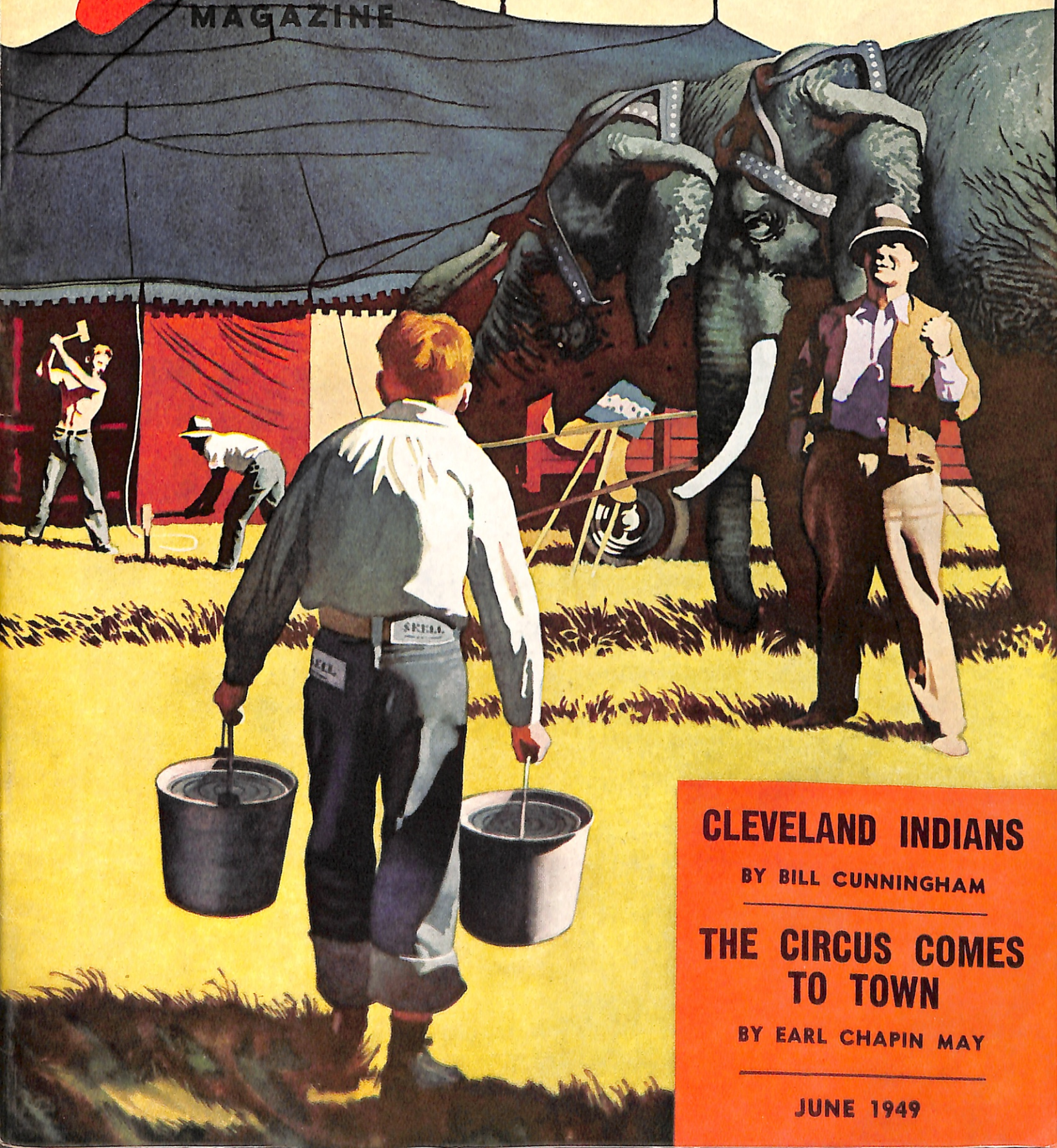


THE

Elks

MAGAZINE




CLEVELAND INDIANS

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

BY EARL CHAPIN MAY

JUNE 1949



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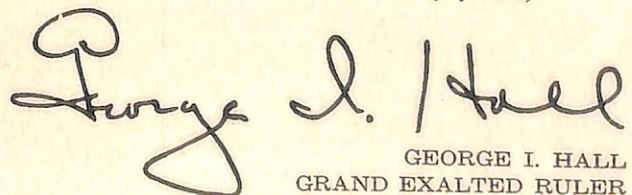
A message from
THE GRAND
EXALTED
RULER

THE annual reports of our subordinate lodges, which have been filed with our Grand Secretary, indicate that the subordinate lodge year of 1948-1949 has been one of the most successful in the history of our Order. We have secured a fine increase in membership, which has been brought about by the outstanding activities of our Order that have won the commendation and interest of our fellow citizens, resulting in many distinguished Americans seeking admission to our Order. An analysis of the financial reports of our lodges is most encouraging and I am particularly gratified to learn that approximately one million dollars of the funds of our subordinate lodges are invested in United States Bonds.

I am thrilled with the reports of the success of our Essay Contest and grateful that we have secured the acceptance of Hon. Harold E. Stassen, the President of the University of Pennsylvania, who will act as Chairman of the Board of Judges. In addition, we were fortunate in securing the consent of Rabbi Samuel Belkin, President of Yeshiva University of New York City, and the Reverend Francis X. Talbot, President of Loyola University, Baltimore, Md., to act as the other judges. Particularly am I gratified to report to our Brothers that approximately one hundred thousand dollars in Savings Bonds will be awarded as prizes to the winners, which sum has been generously donated by our subordinate lodges, State Associations and Grand Lodge.

One more month remains before we hold our Annual Convention in Cleveland and it is my fervent hope that all of our subordinate lodges will be represented at this session, and that every one of our State Associations will arrange for a float in connection with the parade. Our Brother Elks from the State of Ohio are leaving no stone unturned to make this Convention of 1949 our biggest and best. Much good comes to our Order and the success of its programs from well attended Conventions; matters of grave importance to our Fraternity and its future will come up for attention and action. I feel confident that the representatives will return to their lodges from Cleveland, imbued with greater interest in our welfare, and am looking forward to that occasion when I can again greet my fellow delegates from the United States and its possessions.

Fraternally yours,


GEORGE I. HALL
GRAND EXALTED RULER



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JUNE, CONTENTS

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE

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ELKS MAGAZINE FEATURES FOR JULY ISSUE

TRAVEL—Planning a vacation? In the next issue, Horace Sutton, well-known travel writer and author of "Footloose in France" and "Footloose in Canada", will give a word picture of travel spots from the Canadian Rockies to Maine; from Yellowstone to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Mr. Sutton has an easy, fresh style of writing and even though you only plan two weeks at a nearby lake, you will find his country-wide coverage of leading resorts stimulating and instructive.



KREMLIN BLUEPRINT—Louis J. Alber, lecturer and author, has studied the Soviets at first hand from behind the Iron Curtain and has some definite ideas as to their future plans. Touching briefly on Russian history and character, his article outlines in a positive way the methods by which Politburo has organized this vast country into a potential menace way beyond the gangsterism of Hitler and Mussolini.



ROUND ROBIN—We asked Larry Robinson, golf writer for the New York *World-Telegram*, to interview some of the top professionals at the Goodall Round Robin Tournament in May for a "Round Robin of Opinion" on subjects closest to each pro's specialty. Chick Harbert will tell how he gets distance off the tee; Cary Middlecoff about changing from amateur to pro. Other experts will discuss a variety of subjects in an unusual golf article for our many thousand golfing fans.



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In This Corner—

The chump ended up a champ.

WE WALKED down to the ring from the 49th Street side of the Garden, Dooley and me and my manager, Vince Gillette, the three of us pushing through the mob with a couple of cops to clear the way. I could hear the crowd yelling all over the place. I went up the steps to the ring and Sugarboy Bailey was climbing in there, too, from the opposite side. The noise got bigger and bigger, till it was like a bomb set off in a bathroom.

"It ain't for Bailey they're shoutin'," Vince said. "It's all for you, kid. It's O'Leary, the people's cherce. Wave your hands at them clowns out there."

So I lifted my hands and waved them over my head. What else could I do? I had a funny feeling in the belly, but I knew it would pass. I wasn't nervous. Not a bit nervous, I said to Vince, though it's exciting to have a packed house yelling your name. It's just one of those things, I guess. If you didn't like it, you wouldn't be human. But I'm not a bit nervous, Vince.

"It don't pay to get excited," Vince said. "That's a smart boy. Siddown, Davie."

Well, Vince should know what's smart. Around the gym they say he's got more brains than an old gorilla's got dandruff. That's Vince for you. He doesn't make mistakes. Take me, for instance. Just six months ago I am a stiff, a bum, like Vince points out, a coffee-and-cakes and pocket-money punk with a part-time drunk for a manager. I am lucky in those days to get a semi-final at St. Nick's Arena, while tonight—well, face the facts: tonight it's fifteen rounds for the title with Sugarboy Eddie Bailey, and along Broadway they're betting two to one I starch the Sugarboy stiff as an usher's shirt at the Roxy.

"Siddown," Vince said.

"I want to keep warm," I said to him.

So I just kept bouncing around in my corner in my nice new robe, while Dooley is trying to grab one hand and put a glove on it. Jig, jig, jig, I keep telling myself, keep moving, Davie, move. Not that I'm nervous, understand. I just don't think it's wise to let the sweat dry on you while you're standing in a corner, waiting. That's one thing Pete Ros-

coe always insisted on in the old days, when he was managing me. "Don't let yourself get cold," Pete always said. "It can louse you up, but good."

"Siddown!"

All right. I sat down. Why make an issue of the thing with Vince? I let Dooley put on my gloves. I looked across the ring and I could see the Sugarboy dancing there. He's tall and lean and big, for a welterweight. The guy's more like a ballet dancer than a fighter from the way he glides around. Well, the hell with him, I thought. These tall, skinny guys can be snapped in half like a stick. I could see where the meat was drawn tight over his ribs. *Nella panza*, I thought, like the Eyetalian boys all say. "In the belly. *Nella panza!*"

"Keep moving into this guy," Vince said, "and you'll rip his guts out, like you did to all the other guys."

"Sure," I said.

"Your other hand," said Dooley.

Dooley's an ex-heavyweight who used to fight for Vince Gillette. Made plenty, too. A lot of Vince's boys made plenty. All the good ones. Dooley's maybe forty now, about the same size as a piano, and strong as Pete's breath used to be when Pete was on the stuff. Poor Pete, I thought. It's not as though I never liked the guy. It's just that he was—well, he wasn't smart. I turned my head and I could see him sitting there, right up front in the working press. How he got there, I don't know. A funny guy, though, Pete. He dropped me like an old shoe once, but now he sits there, watching me, and he's nursing a bottle of beer. He raises the beer like he wants to say "Good luck" to me. Beer he's drinking, Pete. Listen, if he had more than a quarter in his pockets, he wouldn't be drinking beer.

"Pay no attention to him," Vince said. "Forget the bum. He unloaded you, didn't he? For twenty grand?"

Well, there was nothing I could say to that. The announcer was pointing to me. "In this corner—wearing black trunks, weighing one forty-six and a half—the very worthy challenger—Davie O'Leary!"

"Stand up and take your bow," Vince said.

"It's account of he's Irish that everybody loves 'im," Dooley said.

"It's account of he can knock a

house down with a punch," Vince said. "There's lots of Irish couldn't dent a pertater."

We went out to the center of the ring and Artie Burns, the referee, said, "Both of you boys know the rules. I want a nice clean fight," and so forth. All that stuff. I can't remember it. Best I remember the Sugarboy, with his skin the color of milk chocolate, and that gentle way he has of talking. "Nahce to see you, Davie, boy." Lamblike, and sweet as bon bons, except he'll be glad to cut your heart out once somebody rings a bell. A champion and a gentleman, no one's ever doubted that. It's just that he's been champ for seven years and he is ready to be taken, Vince says.

"Luck," he says.

I don't say anything. I just look down to where his robe hangs open in front and you can see the tight meat over his ribs. We went back to our corners and Dooley picked the robe off my shoulders. The crowd kept shouting, "C'mon, O'Leary! Murder 'im, Davie!" Not that they don't like Sugarboy. It's the way crowds are. I am the new sensation, just in case you haven't heard.

"The whole world loves a puncher," Vince said. "You go out there and you take the bum apart."

All right, I said, all right, but my mouth was dry. "Don't talk so much," I said. Somehow I took another look at Pete, down in his press seat, where he sat with the bottle of beer still in his hands, running his tongue around the neck of it. It was hard to tell what Pete was thinking. Probably of the time he had a young guy fighting for the title in the Garden himself . . . when Willy Delaney was alive. I used to hear a lot about Willy Delaney—too much about him, really, but—

This time I only heard the bell.

I walked out there the way Vince told me, with my gloves folded tight and ready to punch from any angle. The Sugarboy glides, which is no surprise. He has a way of moving, moving, always moving, like the ghost of St. Vitus; he's here, he's there, he's everywhere. I let him pop me in the puss a few times with that left jab. What, after all, is a left jab? I brushed one of them aside and dropped my right hand into his ribs. The punch went *splat!*—like that, and



"And now it's Vince who's got the smelling salts. But I don't need the smelling salts".

the Sugarboy made a windy noise, like a calf kicked in the belly. He didn't like it. He tried to tie me up in a clinch, but I banged away inside, digging the punches at his body, driving them. Then the referee broke us apart.

He looked worried, the Sugarboy. He went into his dance again. He keeps taking a lot of trips to nowhere in particular, as long as it's away from me. I put my hands down and I dared him to stand still. He just keeps smiling. He keeps on flicking those left leads in, like a busy man

with a broom. They don't hurt much. You just brush them aside. I worked him into a corner. I swung a wide left hook at his head.

The referee said, "Two!"

Look, this is a stupid mistake, I thought, a gag. Don't get excited, anyone. It's me on the floor—O'Leary. Embarrassing, kind of. After all, who is the killer, me or Sugarboy?"

"Three!" Artie Burns said.

Don't anybody blow a fuse. Not yet. I'm getting up. I'll murder the Guy. Just gimme a chance. It's

funny, though; it's like, somehow—well, like it happened before, some place, some time. Where was I, anyhow? And just how long ago?

LOOK, Sonny," the guy said, "this is the Golden Gloves. You were fighting a meatball just as dumb as yourself and you got away with it this time. You knocked him dead. What's your name again?"

"O'Leary. David O'Leary."

"Well, all right, Davie. My name's Pete Roscoe. What I was trying to

(Continued on page 47)



THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

Comes the big day on anyone's calendar

BY EARL CHAPIN MAY



case may be, is not conscious of that attractive combination. The girl he accepts as a matter of course. He only dimly realizes that his passion for circus day is also a part of his American heritage. His more adventurous forebears trekked in canvas-roofed wagons westward to the setting sun. The American circus, following or proceeding that settlers' pilgrimage, restlessly roamed the hinterland in search of fortune and attendant fame. Tough-bodied, tough-minded captains of tented caravans, they have been bringing delight to generations of American children since the 1830's. That delight traces back to prehistoric days when the first bearded caveman acrobatically climbed prehistoric trees to shake down edible fruits and walnuts, or tamed a bear to be a beast of burden—thus founding our modern circus performance.

As spring approaches, Colonel W. G. Sturtevant, famed circus historian, begins to note from his San Antonio, Texas, headquarters that Dailey Brothers Circus of Gonzales, Texas, having sold a half interest for \$100,000 to Harry Hamil, the oil operator, is shedding its winter cocoon, and readying itself for the road again.

F. Darius ("Freddie") Benham, New York publicist and primary promoter of the Circus Saints and Sinners, gazes out of the Madison Avenue office windows and remarks, "Hunt Brothers Circus is breaking in these new elephants Madeline Parci, the national animal sculptress, brought over from India." Charley Hunt is getting set to tour Atlantic Coast territory for the fortieth tenting season, or maybe it's the fiftieth.

Dr. H. H. Conley, practicing physician at Park Ridge, Illinois, briefly

leaves his medical practice to organize at Racine, Wisconsin, the Dan Costello Tent of the Circus Fans of America. Word reaches the doctor that Cole Brothers Circus is to open its 1949 tenting season at Louisville by featuring Burt Lancaster, "tough guy motion picture star", who will appear in the circus ring doing the horizontal bar act, for which a circus once paid Burt \$3.00 weekly. "It will be more now—much more," comments the doctor President of the Circus Fans.

Over at Bradford, Pennsylvania, a town whose minor industry has been the production of the horizontal bar, a hundred or so hustling citizens who constitute the Lillion Litzel Tent, throw over their winter inertia to convert a horse-drawn hearse into a calliope. Secretary H. James Schonbolm shops for gold leaf with which to brighten up their genuine circus bandwagon—for the annual grand, free, glittering street parade of their mythical Mighty Watson Shows, contemporaneously with the appearance of a genuine circus on the lot at Bradford.

At Burlington, Iowa, patriotic owners of the long-famous Two Hemisphere's bandwagon, dust off that relic of Jake Posey and his forty-horse street parade team. From Wichita, Kansas, Bette Leonard, president of the Circus Historical Society, pens the sad news that Ernest H. C. (Deacon) Albright, Veteran Calliope player, died at Evansville, Indiana.

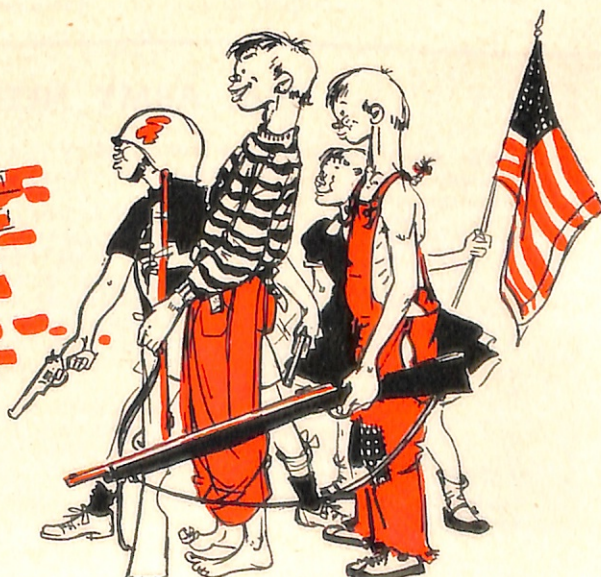
Out at Circleville, Ohio—winter quarters of Mills' Brothers Circus—"Doc" Waddell, the only genuine professional circus clergyman, reports that he recently held remembrance services for Eddie Spring,

(Continued on page 51)

THE time, the place and the child are virtually the same throughout our United States of America. The "time" may be some day between early spring and late fall. The "place" may be any legalized community having from 2,500 to 25,000 residents—"your town" and "my town", if you please. The "child" is any normal American from five to 50 years young. To many millions of these children the most important day on anyone's calendar is the day a circus comes to town.

Perhaps I should say "the" circus, for although practically every American town of more than 2,500 population is enlivened and made happy by one circus day each year, only a very lucky town has more than one circus day annually. Because that first circus day in a youngster's life remains among his most vivid memories, the northward march of each year's spring turns the young man's thoughts toward a lovely girl—and circuses.

Perhaps the boy or man, as the



ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION



On April 9th, Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, became the first Elks lodge to reactivate a Fraternal Center.

More than 400 servicemen from Fort Jackson were on hand for the gala event in which those pictured above took part. They are E.R. W. H. Turner, Jr., Mrs. Lela Murray, who was "Ma" to thousands of boys who visited the Patio during the war, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, General George Decker, CO at Fort Jackson, and W. M. Frasier, Executive Secy., Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz struck the keynote in his address, saying: "When the leaders of our armed forces sent out the call for volunteers for our Peacetime Army and when it appeared that in order to bring that Army to the desired numerical strength

it would again be necessary to resort to the draft, our Order, realizing that this Army would be made up of many young men still in their teens and away from their homes for the first time, decided that again the Elks would open their Fraternal Centers to provide a place for these youngsters to go for entertainment and recreation." As Columbia was one of the last to close its Center after the war, it was fitting that it should be the first to reopen. He paid high tribute to W. H. Harth, Chairman of the Reactivation Committee, for the splendid job accomplished in restoring the Patio.

A new Committee, consisting of 25 members and their wives, with Ray Hinnant as Chairman, will be in charge of operations. Mr. Harth will be the liaison officer representing the Elks

Veterans Service Commission.

General Decker in his response thanked the Order and the Columbia Elks for their continued interest in the welfare of the boys and girls who make up our Peacetime Army and added, "There is nothing more important than this work the Elks are doing which does so much to keep up the morale of our youngsters." He expressed the wish that a Fraternal Center would be opened near every training camp. Reactivations are being planned by several other lodges.

OUR ARMY NEEDS DOCTORS AND DENTISTS

The following—excerpts from a letter received by Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Veterans Service Commission—speaks for itself:

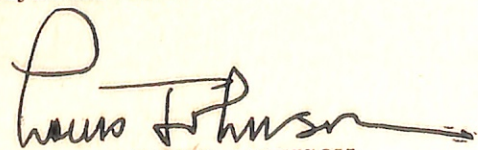
"By July the armed forces will have lost one-third of the medical and dental officers presently on duty. At that time, these men . . . will be eligible to return to civil life. Unless normal procurement measures are vigorously supplemented we will lack 1600 physicians and 1160 dentists by midsummer . . .

"Secretary Forestal has previously appealed for volunteers . . . (and) this effort . . . is continuing with my full support.

" . . . The public must realize that we are not seeking more physicians and dentists for military service; we are simply trying to replace those who have fulfilled their obligation with those who were excused from active wartime service to complete their training.

"In this effort your organization can be of great help. First, you can inform the people of the plain facts about the situation; secondly, you can urge the young men in this group to volunteer their services now.

" . . . I know that now, as in the past, we can count on your help to insure that the efficiency of our fighting forces will not be imperiled by a shortage of physicians and dentists in uniform."


LOUIS JOHNSON
Secretary of Defense

MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK



An air view of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge's Youth Camp.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy

The members of the Order have ever been the benefactors of the youth of our country. Recognizing the responsibilities ahead, the Elks have sought to make life easier for children who are underprivileged and handicapped both physically and because of their environment. Sponsorship of Scout Troops, and the building and maintaining of crippled children's hospitals have been pet projects of many branches of the Order.

However, the Elks also understand that the less serious side of life is important in the building of a good citizen, that "all work and no play really does make Jack a dull boy". They have met that problem too, by the purchase, planning and operation of many summer vacation camps for boys as well as girls.

The State Associations are doing great work in the maintenance, of well-equipped camps for vacation periods, notably North Carolina, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, New Mexico, and North Dakota; Virginia Elks have just purchased a camp site and the South Carolina Elks are planning more of the same.

But the State Associations cannot be expected to undertake full responsibility for this side of the youth problem, and therefore it remains for the lodges to accept their share in finding useful, healthful employment of our youngsters' leisure time.

The latest lodge to go into the youth camp operation is Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, whose members have just put into working condition a beautiful camp for boys and girls, at a cost of \$42,000. The Fort Lauderdale Elks plan to expend \$100,000 on the Camp by the time it is completed. Located in Hugh Taylor Birch Memorial Park, it is an ocean-front tract 800 feet long and 550 feet deep, which includes a fresh-water lagoon stocked with fish and of sufficient size to permit boating. During his term of office as leader of

the Order, L. A. Lewis had the pleasure of breaking ground for this camp, and another former head of our organization, David Sholtz, onetime Governor of Florida, had the pleasure of delivering the dedication address at the camp's opening. Speaking to an audience of more than 1,000 persons, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz voiced the hope that more communities in his state and the nation would set up similar camps dedicated to combatting undesirable influences on our youth, created by this modern age.

The camp is made up of a large wood and concrete block lodge building, accommodating 150, with a fully equipped kitchen, and ample recreational space, as well as four cabins sleeping nine persons each.

This Camp, one of the finest examples of individual lodge endeavor to fight juvenile delinquency by furnishing a substitute for less desirable forms of entertainment, received well-deserved editorial comment in Florida newspapers.

Another lodge to take young people's playtime seriously is Oneida, N. Y., No. 767. Not long ago, E.R. James F. Burke presented to James J. Feeley, President of the Madison County Boy Scout Council a check for \$600 in payment for the new all-steel safety, L-shaped pier, equipped with steel ladders, and is Oneida Lodge's contribution to the safe recreation of the Boy and Girl Scouts of the County at Camp Eatonbrook.

Alva, Okla., Lodge, No. 1184, got a rousing vote of thanks from its community in the sponsoring and establishment of a Youth Center. An entire floor in a business building has been turned over to the use of the young people of the community. Redecorated and furnished with a "coke" bar, booths, tables and dancing space, the area is just what the youngsters ordered and, since its opening, has become the township's most popular teen-age rendezvous.

These are just a few of the evidences of the Elks' real interest in the youth of their community.



Boys make good use of the gift of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge.



PHOTOS BY CRAGG, CLEVELAND NEWS

THE TOWN ALL FIREMEN LOVE

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

Lakewood—Cleveland's teammate for the 1949 Grand Lodge Convention—is a rare city with a unique heritage and virtually no fires.

PROBABLY the only city in the United States which has a valid claim on the affection of several hundred thousand firemen and softball players, as well as on the National Safety Council, is Lakewood, Ohio, a community of people so busy with self-improvement and allied affairs that it would be possible for a citizen to attend six local meetings a day for the rest of his life without showing up at all of them.

Lakewood may also be the only U. S. community which doesn't brag about its possibilities for future growth. Lakewood is full-up with people, having levelled off with a population of 69,000. There aren't more than a couple of dozen vacant lots in town that can be had for less than \$10,000, a price discouraging to modern home builders. The "No Vacancy" sign has been up for 20 years and there seems little likelihood it will soon come down.

This is a remarkable city—Lakewood—and the people who built it up were among the sturdiest of our little known pioneers. Yet it is not in the American middle-western tradition. There are miles of streets, tree-lined, shady and restful but not a single store or shop mars their placid beauty. There is almost no industry—and that little is carefully segregated—yet the town is prosperous, many homes being valued at \$25,000 to \$200,000. But in one way it is typical. Lakewood calls itself "The City of Homes", a designation so strikingly commonplace it has doubtless been adopted by at least 100 other towns who regard the word home as among the more significant synonyms of virtue. But Lakewood does boast 20,000 homes for 22,000 families, a proportion large enough to win the title.

What makes Lakewood the city most loved by firemen is its unique record of keeping fires from happening. In annual national contests, 14 times it has topped its class in the country and twice has been judged best of any town or city in the United States. The town has won so many awards that its Chamber of Commerce has run out of wall space on which to hang the framed certificates.

Lakewood gets such results by an intensive system of community organization. At regular intervals each school child is given a check list of home fire hazards. With this he tours his house with his parents and returns his check list, as they say in the army, accomplished and with all hazards corrected. This procedure isn't unusual. School kids are used to promote sales of everything from soap to tooth-paste. But what is unusual is that Lakewood youngsters actually fill out the check lists. Literally thousands of them are returned at each inspection, and the student who fails to bring back his list feels socially inferior.

Furthermore, when today's parents and home owners were young they trotted home with similar lists and

(Continued on page 44)



Elks Field at Lakewood is a Mecca for softball teams.

Yachting is a favorite sport of Lakewood's citizens.



TOP TEAM ON

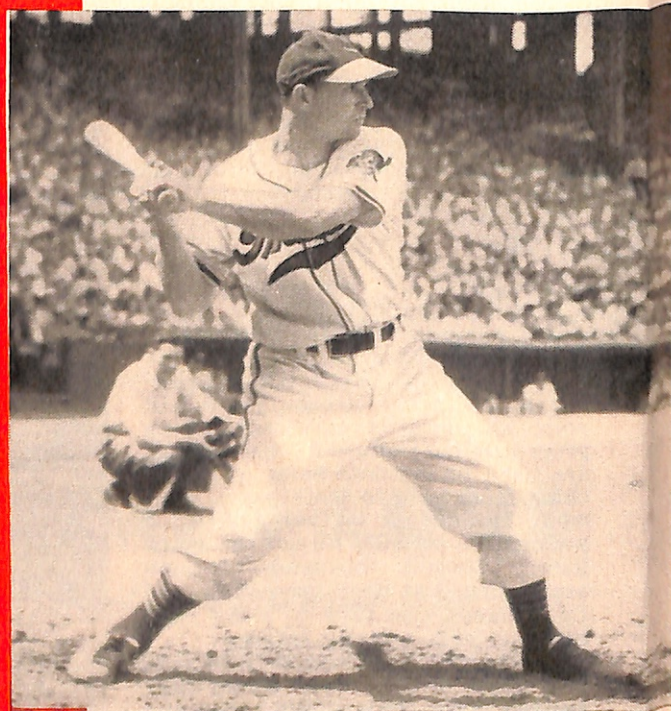
BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

Sports columnist, Boston Herald

I KEEP telling myself that the Editor of *The Elks Magazine* is a fine Christian gentleman, kind to his family, on cordial terms with his pastor, ever thoughtful of little children, extremely courteous to old people, highly regarded in his community and proudly hailed in his profession. I keep telling myself this because any man, even an Editor, who'd ask a Boston sports writer to compose a thesis on the subject of the Cleveland Indians figures to be one who pulled the wings off butterflies in his youth and jerks chairs from under cripples in the years of his maturity.

The whole world knows what the Cleveland Indians did to us. It isn't merely as if they'd just beaten our Braves in a full-length World Series. That was only the ultimate insult. Just as we had the first All-Boston World Series in the history of baseball as good as official, these Boudreau Blackfeet, otherwise known as The Scourge of Lake Erie, swooped in upon the unsuspecting Hub of the Universe, knocked out our Red Sox to get at our Braves and then proceeded to obliterate our Braves.

It was by all odds the worst massacre since Custer's Last Stand; the



Joe Gordon second base

A TOTEM POLE

Just to see what would happen, we asked a Boston sports writer to compose a thesis on the Indians.

most perfectly executed one-two punch since Dempsey was in his prime. It cost us our dreams and it likewise cost us some dough, since it robbed our community of several hundred thousand dollars in expected World Series business—and I'm supposed to write an objective appraisal of the World Champion Indians!

The truth, of course, is that they are wonderful. The entire story of the current Cleveland baseball organization is unique in more ways than the duckbilled platypus. To get the overall picture, we need to start at the top.

Until, in the year of our Lord, 1946, when the current directorate hit Cuyahoga County, and major league baseball in general, like an atomic bomb garnished with sky-rockets, Cleveland was the typical admirable, but dull and pointless, baseball property operated more or less as a hobby by the typical admirable but conservative and colorless tycoon. In business 45 years, it had won a pennant once, a quarter of a century back. It had finished second six times; third, twelve times; fourth, eleven; and thus downward through the years, and at the time the change occurred, it seemed well and perma-

nently mired in the second division, despite exclusive possession of the fabulous Bob Feller, considered by many the premier pitcher in baseball.

It was then that a fantastic figure, a certified war hero, and a promotional genius named Bill Veeck got control of the franchise through a financial coup. This dynamic devotee of the bare head and the low-cut sports shirt seems to be the strange paradox of a shy extrovert. He was brought up in baseball by a like-minded father, and he possessed a pre-war high minor's executive background of his own.

Young Veeck was not the first to turn baseball into a reasonable facsimile of a burlesque show crossed with a circus. Joe Engel did it at Chattanooga. Veeck himself had previously done it at Milwaukee. Larry MacPhail introduced a soupçon of it at Cincinnati, and later at Brooklyn and in the Yankee Stadium. Veeck, however, is the first to give it full major orchestration in a major league city.

Moving upon the reasonable, but hitherto neglected, premise that fans are people and might like a little fun, he began to dress his Cleveland



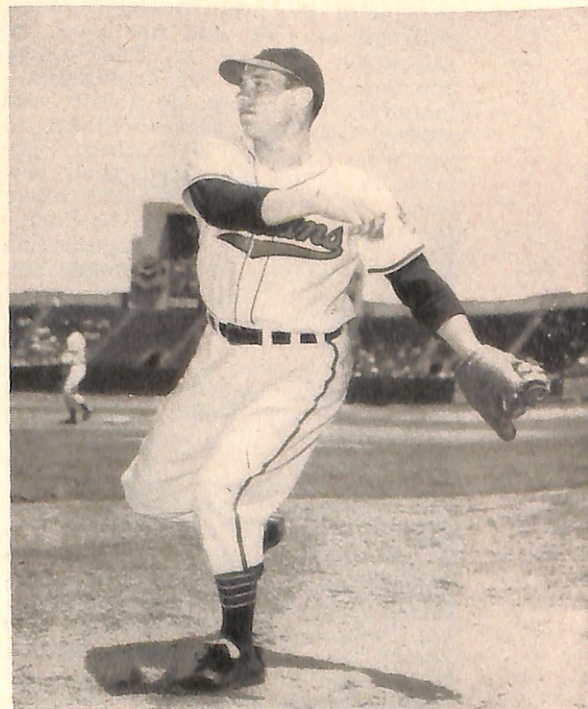
Bill Veeck, Indians' president

games with fireworks, specialty acts, acrobats, clown bands, comedians, prizes, give-away programs, special gags and kindred diversions. In a trice, it seemed to us moving in from the more staid addresses that the whole state of Ohio had gone Shenanigan-crazy, with baseball included on the side. Natives and outlanders began to flock to those ball games and all their zany incidentals in such masses that the fantastic performance had to be moved from the little League Park that seated 23,000 to the mammoth Municipal Stadium which could accommodate 80,000. That is, moved completely. The big Stadium already was being used for big days. Now, however, it had to

(Continued on page 34)



Lou Boudreau, manager and shortstop



Bob Feller, pitcher

Rod and Gun

**The striped bass has
a strange history.**

BY DAN HOLLAND



FISHERMEN will be interested in the story of the striped bass, acknowledged to be one of the finest on either a rod or the table. This fish has experienced a strange history.

Seventy-five years ago the striped bass was very abundant in its native East Coast waters, especially in the area extending from South Carolina to Maine, and even by that time generations of sportsmen had gone on record to state that this was the best of salt-water game fish, without exception and without qualification. Numerous striped-bass clubs, such as the famous Cuttyhunk Club of Massachusetts, were in full swing up and down the coast. These clubs erected special fishing piers and platforms over the surf to accommodate their members, but the demand was so great that the fishermen had to draw lots for the privilege of using them. Striped-bass fishing was undoubtedly one of the most popular sports of the day.

This was approaching the period in our history when the promise of the golden land of the West was exerting its strongest urge among adventurous Easterners, and the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in 1869 had hastened the migration. Many an East Coast sportsman packed his belongings—including his tackle, no doubt—and shifted his home and allegiance to the West Coast. Few regretted the move or found fault with their new home, except, perhaps, that along the rocks and beaches of the Pacific they failed to find any such game fish as the striped bass. This was an unhappy state of affairs. A fisherman without a fish is in a sorry way indeed.

So in the year 1879 an unprecedented experiment was undertaken. A few netful of young striped bass were captured along the New Jersey shore, placed in large tanks of water and shipped by rail across the continent to San Francisco. Three years later another such shipment was made. That any of the fish survived the trip was quite an accomplishment in those early days of transcontinental railroading, but a total of 435 fish out of these two attempts did reach the West Coast alive and were released in San Francisco Bay. This was a meager beginning, but in

the matter of just a few years the planting had blossomed and flourished until the striped-bass catch on the California coast totaled more than a million pounds in one season!

Striped-bass fishing has declined steadily along the East Coast since those days. Whereas the old-time sportsmen of the Cuttyhunk Club had been in the habit of taking 1,000 fish in a season, for instance, the club members at the turn of the century couldn't account for a total of 25. Needless to say, most of the East Coast striped-bass clubs have long since disbanded. But in the Pacific these fish are still increasing in numbers and range, being caught now as far north as the Olympic Peninsula of Washington. Today the best striped-bass fishing in America is to be found in California waters.

The success of this experiment against great odds placed the striper in a unique position among the salt-

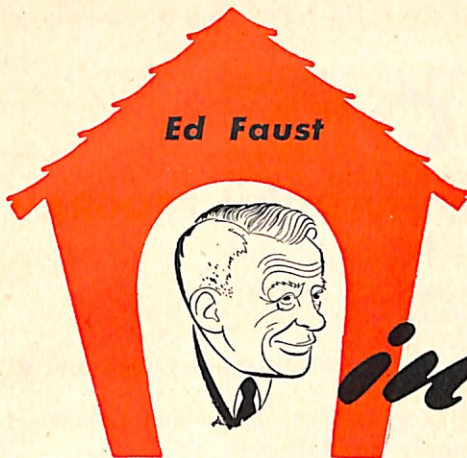
water game fish of the world. This fish is the only one among hundreds of sporting species which has been transferred from its natural range in one ocean to a new habitat in another ocean. Even among the market fish of the sea, only the shad, of shad-roe fame, has similarly been transplanted from ocean to ocean.

It is a common assumption for man to make, that fish which live in the sea are at home everywhere in the sea and, therefore, that any such transfer would meet with success. Actually, most sea-dwelling fish are adapted to very specific conditions. Salt-water fishermen know this. They know that they must search for the habitat of a desired species just as the upland hunter must seek the woodcock's alder patch or the bobwhite's hedgerow. Some fish, such as the tuna and the broadbill swordfish, travel far to sea and wander great distances over the earth's surface.

(Continued on page 38)



Striped bass like this one are becoming scarce in Eastern waters.



**Mr. Faust doesn't believe there
is such a thing as a bad dog.**

in the Doghouse

NOT long ago there came to the office of this Magazine Eugene, Ore., Lodge's brightly written bulletin, "The Eugene Elklet". One of the editors called my attention to an article in that publication, titled "He Was Just a Dog". Space prevents my reprinting it in full, but I'm going to give you a part of it. I do so because it points up a moral and does it in a very competent way.

The writer leads off by saying that as we know a man, there are some wonderful qualities in even the most cantankerous individuals. Now for a direct quote: "Now, sir, believe it or not, this too is true of a dog . . . There are a lot of dogs in Eugene that are very ordinary; they have little or no pedigree and may have a mixed background, but be sure of this, some boy or man is God to each of these dogs. And, too, some boy or man imparts that affection and understanding to the dog he knows as his friend that only dog-lovers and dog-understanders can know. And, when you know and love one dog, you at least have a slight and speaking acquaintance with other dogs. They have a strange way of knowing if you are worthy to be adopted into the fraternity of dog-knowers and lovers.

"Well, what about it? Just this, Tom Carey had one of these dogs-among-dogs—Faust (Ed. Note: Goethe's *Faust*, not your writer), if you please. And Faust, like the Dr. Faust of literary fame, reached for the highest and best in dog ethics and intelligence. He was gentleness personified, but, as all true noblemen, he could be a cyclone of violence if the occasion demanded action. Faust had a particular obligation and he fulfilled it as a true and noble dog. He was the special guardian and companion of Grandma Carey. When she fell off the porch, which could have cost her life, it was Faust who defaced the neighbor's door with his scratching, and aroused others by his barking, and led them to Mrs. Carey's helpless and bruised body.

"But now Mrs. Carey is without her companion, and Tom is sad and misses something when he goes home, for some person got a chance to express a meanness in his nature;

he just took a shot at Faust and let him crawl home so badly wounded that his suffering had to be ended.

"You know something? I never like to hear a despicable character referred to as a dirty dog. Dogs like Faust, and that fine dog of yours are so much better, so much more noble, so much more dependable than so many men that it is an insult to a good dog to use that expression. In quotation of another, the better I know a lot of people, and especially such as would take a shot at a dog doing no harm to anyone, the more I like such dogs as Faust . . ."

NOW, I have no acquaintance with whoever wrote this, but my hat is off to him as a fine, understanding person. I may add, and this is entirely without prejudice, that material such as this goes far toward making the lodge bulletin more readable and interesting. I may add further that I don't quote this article because that purp's name was Faust—or do I have to add this?

On the whole, I am in complete accord with the views expressed by that writer and it is seldom that I have heard of a truly bad dog—the kind that will attack and bite or do mischief without provocation. True, many people have been bitten by dogs. Any kennel man has had that experience and expects it, but those who are accustomed to handling many dogs are not bitten very often, and this is because they know dog psychology. More often than not, the person who is bitten by a dog is one who has had little experience with the "critters". Occasionally a complaint is registered at a dog show by a spectator who has been bitten by one of the dogs confined to the show bench. Why this occurrence is not more frequent is a tribute to the patience of the dog. At these shows you see signs posted, warning spectators not to handle the animals, or to pet them, but despite these warnings, people—children especially—will fondle the dogs.

(Continued on page 46)



Head study of Airedale photographed by Ylla

THE GRAND LODGE

CONVENTION

CLEVELAND AND LAKEWOOD CONVENTION PROGRAM

**SATURDAY,
JULY 9**

RECEPTION. Arrival of Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies.
REGISTRATION. Grand Lodge Members only at Hotel Cleveland.
9:00 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST starts at Lakewood Lodge.
12:00 NOON. GENERAL REGISTRATION of visiting Brothers and ladies at Cleveland Lodge and at Lakewood Lodge.
5:30 P.M. COCKTAIL PARTY AND BUFFET DINNER at Lakewood Elks Home, Cleveland and Lakewood Lodges acting as hosts. Grand Lodge Officers and others by invitation.
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening in Cleveland and Lakewood Club Quarters.

**SUNDAY,
JULY 10**

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. Special Elks Services at Old Stone Church, Public Square, and at St. John's Cathedral, Superior at East Ninth. 10:00 A.M.
9:00 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at Lakewood Elks Home.
10:00 A.M. REGISTRATION OF GRAND LODGE MEMBERS at Hotel Cleveland.
12:00 NOON. GENERAL REGISTRATION of visiting Brothers and ladies at Cleveland and Lakewood Lodges.
12:00 NOON. SIGHTSEEING TOURS throughout the day.
12:00 NOON. SUBMARINE "GAR" holds Open House to Elks and their Ladies.
6:00 P.M. DINNER FOR GRAND LODGE OFFICERS and ladies at Hotel Cleveland.
8:00 P.M. OFFICIAL PUBLIC OPENING at Cleveland Public Music Hall.
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening in Cleveland and Lakewood Club Quarters.

**MONDAY,
JULY 11**

8:00 A.M. STATE ASSOCIATION BREAKFASTS.
9:00 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at Lakewood Elks Home.
9:00 A.M. REGISTRATION CONTINUES.
9:30 A.M. OPENING OF GRAND LODGE SESSIONS at Cleveland Public Music Hall.
12:00 NOON. SUBMARINE "GAR" holds Open House for Elks and ladies to 6:00 P.M.
12:30 P.M. GRAND EXALTED RULER GEORGE I. HALL'S LUNCHEON tendered to his **DISTRICT DEPUTIES** at Hotel Cleveland.
12:30 P.M. GRAND EXALTED RULER-ELECT LUNCHEON tendered to **EXALTED RULERS**, Hotel Carter.
8:30 P.M. OUTDOOR PROGRAM at Lakewood Elks Field.
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening in Cleveland and Lakewood Elks Club Quarters.

**TUESDAY,
JULY 12**

8:00 A.M. STATE ASSOCIATION BREAKFASTS.
8:00 A.M. BAND AND DRILL TEAM COMPETITION on Esplanade of Mall between City Hall and Court House.
8:30 A.M. GOLF TOURNAMENT at Sleepy Hollow Country Club.
9:00 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at Lakewood Elks Home.
9:00 A.M. REGISTRATION continues.
9:30 A.M. SECOND GRAND LODGE SESSION.
10:00 A.M. TRAP SHOOTING CONTEST at Dover Bay Gun Club.
11:00 A.M. MEMORIAL SERVICES, Cleveland Public Music Hall.
12:00 NOON. SUBMARINE "GAR" holds Open House for Elks and their ladies.
1:00 P.M. STATE ASSOCIATION LUNCHEONS.
3:00 P.M. GLEE CLUB and QUARTETTE COMPETITIONS.
8:00 P.M. GRAND NIGHT PARADE—"MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK."
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening in Cleveland and Lakewood Elks Club Quarters.

**WEDNESDAY,
JULY 13**

8:00 A.M. STATE ASSOCIATION BREAKFASTS.
9:00 A.M. REGISTRATION continues.
9:30 A.M. THIRD GRAND LODGE SESSION at Public Music Hall.
10:00 A.M. TRAP SHOOTING CONTEST continues at Dover Bay Gun Club.
12:00 NOON. SUBMARINE "GAR" holds Open House for Elks and their ladies.
1:00 P.M. STATE ASSOCIATION LUNCHEONS.
2:30 P.M. LADIES' LUNCHEON AND STYLE SHOW at The Halle Bros. Co. and The Higbee Co.
3:30 P.M. ELKS DAY AT THE RACES in Ascot Park.
8:00 P.M. BASEBALL GAME AT CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM. Cleveland Indians versus the Pittsburgh Pirates. Fireworks display after the ball game.
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening in Cleveland and Lakewood Elks Club Quarters.

**THURSDAY,
JULY 14**

9:30 A.M. FINAL GRAND LODGE SESSION at Cleveland Public Music Hall.
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening in Cleveland and Lakewood Elks Club Quarters.



From A through X-Y-Z, all 89 Lodges in the State of Ohio will greet Convention visitors.

A GREETING FROM OHIO ELKS

The Ohio Elks Association extends a cordial welcome to 1949 Grand Lodge Convention.

Greetings to our fellow Elks!

Ohio is happy, privileged and proud to play host to the 85th annual Grand Lodge reunion of our brother Elks during the 1949 convention week in July. Members of the Ohio Elks Association from all corners of our great State have for many weeks been looking forward to your visit with spirited anticipation in planning a most hospitable schedule of events. From A through X-Y-Z all 89 Ohio lodges in our alphabetical index ranging from Akron thru Xenia, Youngstown and Zanesville join in this invitation to visit our convention cities of Cleveland and Lakewood.

We want to demonstrate our appreciation for the ready response extended us by our sister State Associations from around the nation in submitting data which has been so important in our pre-convention detailing. This same spirit of cooperation has helped weld Ohio lodges

together in our endeavors to retain our proper niche in nation-wide Elkdom.

As the oldest State Association in the United States the Ohio Elks Association has had opportunity to originate many of today's accepted activities. It is this pioneering attitude which we are maintaining in outlining unusual and outstanding programs for your entertainment during the July Grand Lodge Reunion.

We trust you will particularly find time during a busy convention week to meet with us in our Ohio headquarters in the Hotel Statler where many Ohioans will be gathered to greet you. We extend our hands in a sincere gesture of welcome to the Buckeye State.

Fraternally yours,

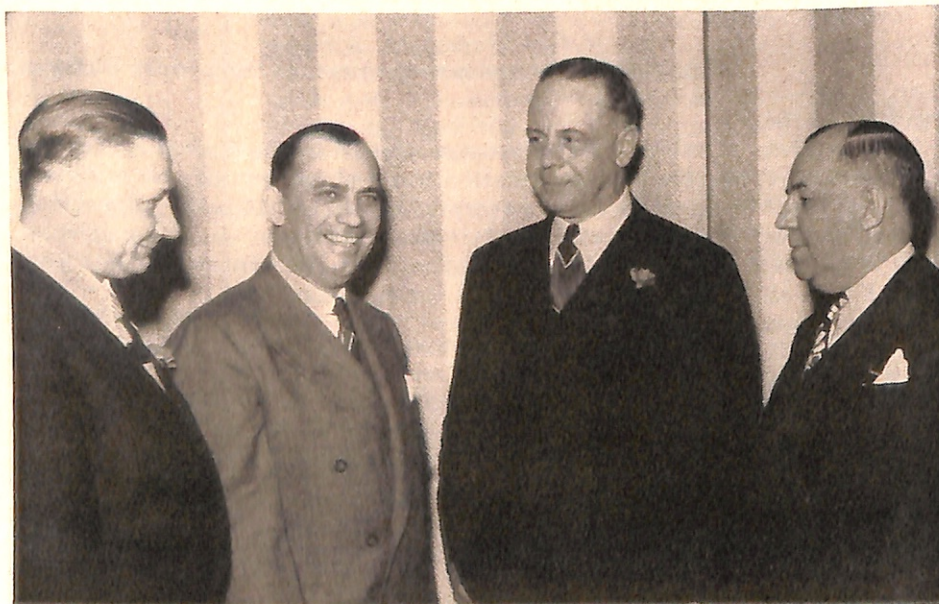
JOHN K. MAURER
President, Ohio Elks Association

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits



At Allentown, Pa., Lodge, left to right: State Pres. J. T. Gross, Secy. Howard R. Davis of the Board of Grand Trustees, Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.



At Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, left to right: E.R. J. C. Tendl, George I. Hall, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and Secy. Ira D. Maynor.

GRAND EXALTED RULER George I. Hall resumed his travels on March 23rd when he had dinner with the officers of **ALBANY, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 49**, and, later at the lodge home, addressed about 450 Elks and visiting dignitaries.

The following day, accompanied by Mrs. Hall and Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. James T. Hallinan, Mr. Hall arrived at the famous New Jersey seaside resort where the officers of **ATLANTIC CITY LODGE NO. 276** welcomed their visitors and entertained them at a reception and dinner at which the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed about 300 Elks and their ladies. The next day a visit was made to the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children to which a new wing has been added, one of the rooms of which will be dedicated to Mr. Hall in perpetuity, recorded in the placing of a bronze plaque.

The 2nd of April found the Halls in North Carolina, where the officers of **WILMINGTON LODGE NO. 532** and their ladies greeted the distinguished New Yorkers and accompanied them to the lodge home for breakfast. Later that morning, Mr. Hall drove downtown to join many other notables on hand for the celebration of the city's Azalea Festival. Among the distinguished visitors were General George C. Marshall, former Secretary of State, General Carl R. Gray, Jr., head of the Veterans Administration, Admiral James F. Farley, Commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard, Major General F. A. Hart of the 2nd Marine Division, Gov. W. K. Scott, Lt. Gov. H. P. Taylor and many others. After the parade commemorating this event, a luncheon in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor was held on the grounds of the lodge home.

On the 5th of April, Mr. Hall was one of the speakers at the annual charity distribution program of **QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 878**, a full account of which appears on pages 24 and 25 of this issue.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 22, entertained Mr. Hall on the 6th, when, after attending a banquet, he installed the new officers and addressed about 350 Elks.

On the 7th, Mr. Hall attended a dinner and installed the new officers of **BRONX, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 871**, addressing about 750 local and out-of-town members.

EAST STROUDSBURG, PA., LODGE, NO. 319, welcomed the Order's leader on the 8th, when its members played host to him, lodge officers and State and

(Continued on page 62)



Notables chat during the Wilmington, N. C., Azalea Festival. Left to right: Admiral James F. Farley, Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard; General Carl R. Gray, Jr., head of the U. S. Veterans Administration; General George C. Marshall, former Secretary of State; Major General Franklin A. Hart, Commanding General, Second Marine Division and Marine Barracks, Camp Lejeune, N. C.; Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Lt. Gov. H. Pat Taylor and, partly hidden, Ted Malone, radio commentator.



Left to right: State Pres. H. H. Russell, the Grand Exalted Ruler, D.D. Eldon R. Welton and E.R. Dr. H. C. Oltman at the home of Joplin, Mo., Lodge where Mr. & Mrs. Hall were entertained royally at a series of interesting and well-organized events.



State Pres. John J. Sweeney, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. John L. Fleming, Jr., Mr. Hall and E.R. Edmund F. Herbert on the presentation of an Honorary Life Membership in Troy, N. Y., Lodge to Judge Sweeney commemorating his homecoming visit.



NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

WHAT SHOULD a small business do to protect itself against losses arising from the death of a proprietor or key individual? The problem is a vexing one for many of America's more modest concerns and for some which have grown to substantial proportions through the skill or enterprise of one or two men.

For some months, the Department of Commerce has been giving thought to this problem. Now it has published the results of its findings in the form of four small leaflets dealing with business life insurance. Department officials point out that business life insurance represents a specialized application and requires careful planning to fit the needs of each particular business.

The leaflets include discussions of the considerations to be taken into account when planning such coverage and discussions of the application of business life insurance to proprietorships, partnerships and corporations.

YANKEE INGENUITY seems to have moved to New York State. With 4,664 patents to their credit, residents of that state led all other states in the union in the number of patents obtained last year, the Patent Office reports. However, Delaware was on top on the basis of the number of residents per patent issued, with one patent for every 1,134 residents, as compared to New York's one patent for every 2,888 residents. Rhode Island was second with a patent for every 1,295 residents and New Jersey third with one for every 1,734 residents. Mississippi is at the bottom of the list with a patent issued for every 80,881 residents. The Navy led among the services with 57 patents obtained compared to the Army's 19.

AMERICAN tourists, businessmen and other travelers going abroad this summer will be able to visit ten Western European countries and a large part of North Africa on American passports without meeting visa requirements or paying visa fees. This cutting of travel red tape reflects the efforts made by this country and other members of the United Nations to eliminate technical barriers to travel and expedite the movement of travelers. The Office of International Trade reports that visa requirements have been lifted by Great Britain, Norway, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Netherlands, Belgium,

Luxembourg, Italy and France. In joining the group, the latter also removed the wartime and prewar visa requirements applying to Algeria, Morocco, Tunisia, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Andorra, Guiana and Reunion.

REPORTS reaching this city indicate the Nation's business is putting renewed emphasis on exports. American foreign service posts abroad have been notified that substantial quantities of lumber are now available for export from the United States as a result of greatly improved domestic supplies and American lumber exporters are actively engaged in promoting overseas sales. A joint industry-government program to promote foreign trade in American-grown tobacco and tobacco products is being developed by the Tobacco World Trade Advisory Committee to the office of International Trade.

Meanwhile U. S. exports to all continents but Europe are reported to be declining. Imports are also off, the latest reports show. However, despite our large farm production, importations of foodstuffs increased by 20 per cent in value last year while our exports of foodstuffs decreased 17 per cent. The decline in food exports is attributed to more abundant crops in Europe and reduced demand for food commodities in world markets.

ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S most successful efforts in behalf of business ended without fanfare last month. This was the campaign to bring in heavy iron and steel scrap which was undertaken to keep U. S. steel mills well-supplied with raw material through the winter. Aided by open weather, which facilitated collections, steel mills were able to operate at over capacity rates of production and weekly steel production hit all time highs during the early months of this year. This is in contrast to conditions which prevailed in the winter of 1947-48, when a number of mills and foundries had to reduce their operations for want of adequate supplies of scrap.

LATEST AVAILABLE REPORTS on the economic scene reveal lowered incomes in almost every field. Personal income declined from an annual rate of \$219.5 billion to \$217 billion during the first few months of the year with about two-thirds of the decline in agricultural income. Wages and salaries were also off due



to declining employment in manufacturing, construction and trade.

In the building field, Government officials report rising production of wire nails and steel reinforcing bars, important building materials which have been in comparatively short supply.

RECALLING the friendly commercial exchanges between France and Germany during World War I is the barter agreement which Washington has learned has been in effect since February between the Chinese Nationalists and the Chinese Communists. According to the Department of Commerce, the agreement provides for the exchange of 300,000 bags of Nationalist flour for 100,000 tons of Communist coal. The agreement became effective when the first ship left Shanghai bound for Chinwangtao with 30,000 bags of flour and returned with 4,800 tons of coal from the Kailan mines.

COUNTING SHEEP is the traditional method of inducing sleep. But an even more tedious and boring application of simple arithmetic has long been known to astronomers. It is counting stars. Now the atomic scientists have come to their rescue. Descriptions of new systems for electronic classifying, cataloging and counting have just been released by the Oak Ridge National Laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission. The devices measure the energy distribution of alphaparticles released from radioactive isotopes. According to the laboratory scientists, the equipment is particularly adaptable to star counts. All that is needed, the scientists say, is to scan a photographic plate of a section of the heavens with a photoelectric densitometer.



HOW TO MAKE A PAPER PROFIT

The books can tell you how to get rich fast—they say.

ONE post-war by-product which would be amusing if it wasn't alarming is the cascade of books and pamphlets purporting to reveal the secret of getting rich with a minimum of effort and a maximum of speed by starting a small business. These volumes are as easy to read as a detective story and invariably are written by persons who, though universally overlooked by Dun and Bradstreet, can rake in paper profits with the *savoir faire* of a Monte Carlo croupier.

The books contain instructions ranging from how to become a turnip or a spinach king or a kohlrabi king on five acres (which probably were abandoned a generation ago by a Georgia share-cropper), to zooming into the 1040A tax form bracket through a peanut stand and \$50 capital. The danger comes when young capitalists-in-embryo read this stuff, dream of giving the shoe-string stretch to their rainy day savings, and wind up broke.

Starting a small business today or any day is as precarious and as thrilling as ski-jumping. It calls for skill, study, and, to start, a flair for penury combined with an unusual lack of repugnance toward hunger. These characteristics of self-discipline are uncommon. But the little white statistical crosses marking the graves of business failures—four out

of five within five years—are eloquent testimony to their significance. Indeed, the odds of failure are so great only a fool will buck them at the poker table. Yet there are scores of thousands of men today chained to tedious desk jobs who could step out into a successful spot of their own if only they got the break—or the pants' kick—that would spark them into it.

The books and pamphlets won't help those who have what it takes; they may be financially fatal to those who haven't. Some of them promise an *El Dorado* for no more than \$200 capital and a flick of the wrist. The wrist flick is important, of course. That's what the fledgling entrepreneur must give of himself.

THE range of business offering immediate no-effort returns apparently is enormous. When I was a boy there were but two certain ways to riches: breeding guinea pigs and raising mushrooms in the dank and dark innards of a basement. Except for a mother singularly lacking in appreciation of my notions of sudden wealth I might today be a guinea pig baron or mushroom magnate.

Now, though, apparently there is profit in any business from running a judo school to get-acquainted-club. The road to tycoondom is paved with

opportunities to rent water bicycles, operate shooting galleries, boat liveries and dance halls. In one book of advice to the wealth-lorn it says you can even become pain-in-the-neck competition to the Continental Baking Company by whipping up a few pies and eclairs in the kitchen oven.

Such a book on my desk describes the blessing of wealth to be derived from starting a rental library, a window-washing service or a second-hand magazine store ("a profit average of 400%"). Get in the taxicab business, it suggests, and with one cab "make \$100 a week." Or, with as little as \$350 capital, start a lonely hearts club and make \$150 a week.

That such promises of juicy profits accelerate the mortality rate among small enterprises there is no doubt. But the real reason most beginners fail in a small business is their neglect to study the real problems involved before they start. Few men would attempt to fly an airplane without thorough instruction in operating the controls governing the craft's flight, but apparently almost anybody will take off on a business venture without even the most rudimentary knowledge of the factors controlling success and failure. When the inevitable crash comes, they blame "the breaks."

The necessary information isn't
(Continued on page 40)

MANILA LODGE REDEDICATED



Left to right: P.E.R. Joseph M. Kidd of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, Past State Pres. Earl J. Williams, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and D.D. Henry J. Budde at the airport when Mr. Shannon left for Manila to rededicate the lodge home, pictured at left.

MANILA, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, was chartered on the 14th of June in 1902, at a time when the United States had just emerged as a first-rate power, by reason of its defeat of Spain and the following purchase of the Philippine Islands from that country.

Manila, once a six-week boat trip from the United States, is now a 30-hour flight from San Francisco. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon made that flight after a big send-off at the airport when more than 200 Elk dignitaries and members turned out, including those pictured with Mr. Shannon above, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Past State Pres. Stephen A. Compas.

The home and the lodge room of No. 761 were rededicated March 25, 1949. While there are beautiful rituals prepared for the dedication ceremonies, there is no special ritual written for the rededication services. The ritual for this rededication ceremony, held by dispensation, was written by the then Exalted Ruler William H. Phillips. Beautifully worded, well thought out and expressed, the ritual was flawlessly executed by E.R. Phillips and his officers, with not a book in sight.

The handsome new lodge room was filled with Elks and their guests who included, as guest of honor, President Elpidio Quirino, his aides and members of his cabinet, as well as Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon, repre-

senting the Grand Lodge. He made the address of dedication, and the President of the Republic of the Philippines responded.

Before the war, the home of Manila Lodge was one of the three most imposing structures on the Islands, as well as being one of the three most important meeting places for Americans in Manila, the others being the U. S. High Commissioner's Building, now the U. S. Embassy, and the Army and Navy Club. Situated between these two, the old lodge home was used by the Japanese during the war as one of their places for a last-stand fight. Gunfire from it cost us so much that our Army decided to turn the big guns on it, resulting in considerable Japanese loss of life.

When the Manila Elks decided to rebuild they found the massive original foundations in satisfactory shape to be built upon.

Although the new home is not as imposing in size as was the old one, it is large and roomy. Architecturally and artistically suited to its environs, it has both dignity and beauty, with excellent planning and construction. It is the handsomest building in Manila today, with the possible exception of the American Embassy and the Malacanan Palace, the home of President Quirino. Erected at a cost of \$250,000, a qualified appraising firm valued it, at present-day replacement values, to be worth several times the amount

the Grand Lodge advanced for its reconstruction. The U. S. war claims are now being paid and it is possible that Manila Lodge's claims may shortly be approved and paid.

Despite the all-too-frequent criticisms of our administrations in connection with the Government's handling of the Philippines, an examination of the works of qualified writers who have lived, observed and studied in the Philippines, including both Americans and the natives, indicates the United States has done a job without parallel in the history of nations administering a land for a subject people and of educating them.

From the start of our occupation we had made a planned and effective effort to educate these people who for 300 years previous had been fighting for their freedom, until now they not only have their freedom, but they have earned it. No other subjugated people voluntarily stood up and fought for their conquerors in time of war.

In the 44 years since the establishment of a lodge of Elks in the Philippine Islands, the Manila Elks have been comprised of not only the rank and file, but also the leaders in this great demonstration of democracy at work. Many of these men are heroes to the Filipinos, among them is D.D. Thomas J. Wolff, who has represented the Elks War Commission and, later, the National Veterans Service Commission since the liberation of the Philippines.

A LAKEWOOD Welcome

From the "Best Location in the Nation".

AS MAYOR of the City of Lakewood, Ohio, I extend greetings and a royal welcome to your organization, holding its 85th Grand Lodge Convention in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, beginning July 10, 1949.

The question might be asked, why should I extend a welcome to an organization holding its convention in Cleveland? The answer is quite simple.

1. Lakewood is Cleveland's largest suburb, with a population of 75,000.
2. Lodge No. 1350 of the B.P.O.E. is located in Lakewood and has a membership of more than 1100. It is the only Elks Lodge outside of, but within, an area of 25 miles of Cleveland.
3. The members of Lodge No. 1350 were very active and cooperative with Cleveland Lodge No. 18 in an effort to bring the 85th National Convention to Cleveland.

Greater Cleveland, of which Lakewood is a part, has been host to many National and International Conventions and is truly a Convention City. It is not far distant from the popula-

tion center of the United States and has facilities, not only for conventions, but for housing the representatives and visitors, equal to any other city.

Transportation is of course an important item in connection with conventions and Greater Cleveland has that. If you travel by air you will arrive at the largest municipal airport in the world. (The home of the National Air Races.) If you travel by railroad you will have the best service from the east, south and west. If by boat you have the blue waters of the Great Lakes from the northeast and northwest. If by automobile you will have many excellent highways. Just what more could you desire?

Cleveland has long been known as "The Forest City" and recently Greater Cleveland was designated "The Best Location in the Nation", and this applies to conventions. Greater Cleveland has many miles of Metropolitan Park drives and nature trails, boat excursions on Lake Erie, golf courses, theatres, department stores for the ladies and the Stadium, the home ball field of the 1948 Champion Cleveland Indians.

It is a signal honor to Cleveland



MAYOR A. I. KAUFFMAN

and its fifty-two suburbs, Greater Cleveland, to have the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, representing approximately 1,000,000 members, hold its National Convention in the "Best Location in the Nation".

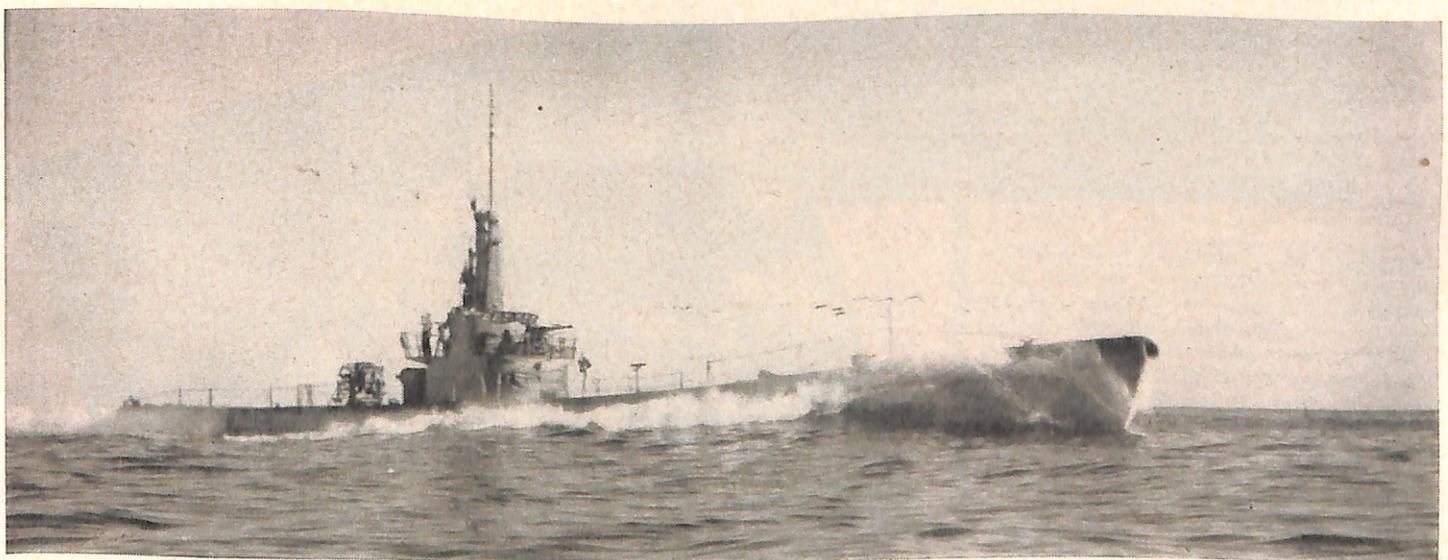
We bid you welcome and await your arrival.

Fraternally,

A. I. KAUFFMAN

MAYOR—LAKEWOOD, OHIO
25-Year Member of Lodge No. 1350

Submarine to Hold Open House During Convention



Above is the submarine USS Gar, which is stationed on the Cleveland Lakefront and being used as a training ship for the U. S. Naval Reserve.

The Commander will hold open house to Elks and their ladies starting at noon each day of the Convention. This will be a particularly welcome

experience for visitors from inland cities who have not hitherto had the opportunity of boarding one of our submarines.



News of the



In a spirit of true charity and brotherly love, the members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge distributed \$150,000 to many worthy organizations. Left to right, at top, on this occasion, were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Distribution Chairman, Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, E.R. Walton S. Gagel, Supt. of Hospitals Dr. Marcus D. Kogel, Police Commissioner William P. O'Brien and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson. Above: E.R. Gagel, Judge Hallinan and New York City's Mayor William O'Dwyer. Right: Judge Hallinan hands his lodge's gift to Guiding Eyes, Inc., to its representative, Public Relations Director O. Leonard Larsen, who was escorted by his Guide Dog, "Sitka."

Lodges

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, opened its heart and its wallet not long ago and distributed \$150,000 to 78 charity organizations. Another \$150,000 was set aside for the lodge's own welfare program. All this happened at a well-planned program at which the Catholic Diocesan Choristers of Brooklyn lifted their voices in several beautiful selections.

Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York City expressed the gratitude of the city to the Elks for "their great, consistent and tireless charity work". The Mayor was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and the Mayor was escorted to the rostrum by Magistrate Thomas J. Gray. Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall was another speaker on this program of giving, as were Police Commissioner Wm. P. O'Brien, Commissioner of Hospitals Dr. M. D. Kogel, and many other civic leaders, and hospital officials.

The charities were distributed as follows:

\$2,500 each
St. John's L. I. City Hospital
Flushing Hospital
Jamaica Hospital
Mary Immaculate Hospital
St. Joseph Hospital
Rockaway Beach Hospital
Wyckoff Heights Hospital
St. Anthony's Hospital
Queens General Hospital
Triboro Hospital
Queensboro Pavilion for Communicable Diseases
Committee of Queens Borough Lodge in Charge of Entertainment for U. S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, L. I.

\$2,000 each
Catholic Charities of Queens County
Police Athletic League
Jewish Charities of Queens County
Protestant Charities of Queens County

\$1,500 each
Child Caring Institutions of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn for Children of Queens County
House of Calvary
Boy Scouts of Queens County
American Red Cross
\$750—Central Chapter
\$750—North Shore Chapter

\$1,000 each
Salvation Army
Ottile Orphan Home
Florence Crittenton League, Inc.
Bowne House Historical Society
Building Fund Drive, N. Y. University—Bellevue Medical College
Building Fund Drive of L. I. College of Medicine
Particular Society of Queens, Society of St. Vincent de Paul
Ozanam Home
Child Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.
American Legion Welfare Fund
Community Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.
Queens Speech and Hearing Center
Visiting Nurse Service of Queens County

Israel Orphan Asylum
St. John's Home for Orphan Boys of Queens County
St. Joseph's Home for Orphan Girls of Queens County
Y. M. C. A., L. I. City Branch, for Youth Program
Beach Haven Convalescent Home for Cardiac Children
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, L. I. City
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, Jamaica
Queens County Cancer Committee
Social and Welfare Program of Creedmoor Hospital

\$750 each
College Point Community Ambulance Corps, Inc.
Whitestone Community Ambulance Service
Queensboro Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Inc.
Little Sisters of the Poor
Guiding Eyes, Inc.
St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer
Girl Scout Council of Greater New York, Inc.

\$650 each
Dr. Reuling-Dr. Fineberg Program for Handicapped Children

\$600 each
Youth Consultation Service, Church Mission of Help

\$500 each
Holy Name Centre for Homeless Men
Catholic Guild for the Blind
Industrial Home for the Blind
Queensboro Council for Social Welfare

\$400 each
Social Service Auxiliary of Queens General Hospital
Auxiliary of Triboro Hospital
Veterans of Foreign Wars, Welfare Fund
United Workers of Flushing, Inc.
Queensboro Home for the Blind, Inc.

\$375 each
Motor Corps of Queens General Hospital

\$350 each
American Social Hygiene Assn.
Lutheran Charities, Inc.
Western Queens Nursery School, Inc.

\$300 each
Ridgewood Y. M. C. A.

\$250 each
Apostolate for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing
St. Francis Sanatorium for Cardiac Children
Big Brother Movement
Urban League of Queens County
Y. W. C. A., Queens County
Queensboro Tuberculosis and Health Assn.
Catholic Day for the Blind
Jewish Day for the Blind
Protestant Day for the Blind
The Conrad Poppenhusen Assn.
Greater New York Fund
Seeing Eye Foundation
National Infantile Paralysis Foundation

\$150 each
Emerald Society

The \$150,000 the lodge allocated to its own purposes will be distributed as follows: \$10,000 will go toward the Youth Program of No. 878, and \$25,000 will be used for the lodge's charitable and relief activities for the year, while \$100,000 will go into the lodge's Charity Reserve Fund. A \$4,000 donation went for the use of an Elks' Hospital Room and \$1,000 was contributed to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., toward its building fund for the erection of a chapel.

No charitable organization was overlooked in this tremendous program which showed so plainly the big heart of No. 878. Great care went into the planning of the ceremonies at which the following Elk dignitaries were present, besides those mentioned earlier: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Chairman William Jernick of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Judge John F. Scileppi, also a member of this Committee; D.D. Joseph F. Bader, Chairman of the N. J. Paraplegic Committee; D.D. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, and Seth Hubbard, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. for the Southeast District.

LODGE NOTES

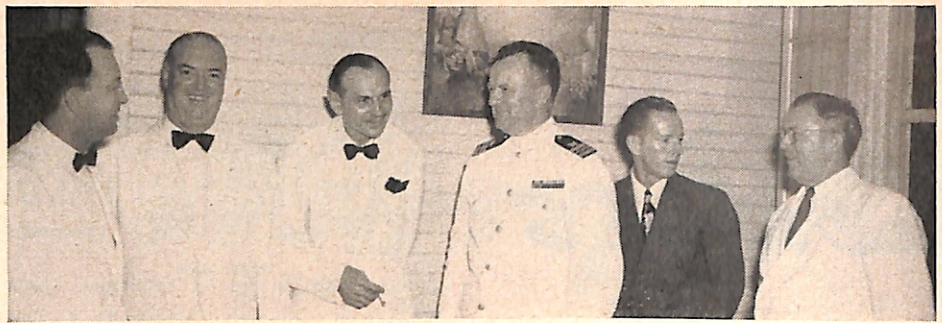


On May 16, 1919, a class of candidates was initiated into **HOBOKEN, N. J.,** Lodge, three members of which were destined to become wrapped up in Elkdom. Each of these men, Henry J. Camby, Samuel J. Marshall and John Roeder, Jr., became Exalted Ruler of the lodge in succession. Mr. Roeder, Secy. since 1938, is now serving his 12th term in that position . . . **MECHANICVILLE, N. Y.,** Elks, who boast a fine new home, recently threw its doors open and offered the home as a temporary shelter for a number of families who were made homeless by a serious fire in that community. The lodge provided cots and made its unfortunate guests as comfortable as possible. Through this generous act, Mechanicville Elks had dedicated their new home to the principles of Charity and Brotherly Love . . . E.R. Laurence Randall had the pleasure of presenting a \$300 check to Miss Vivian G. Knudsen as the scholarship award in a contest for high school students conducted by **PALO ALTO, CALIF.,** Lodge . . . A class of 17 candidates was initiated by **GRINNELL, IA.,** Lodge on P.E.R.'s Night, with the ritual being impressively exemplified by former lodge leaders. P.E.R. Daniel K. Brennan, of Rock Island Lodge, newspaperman and world traveler, gave an inspiring talk on "Elkdom and Americanism" . . . Daniel K. Roche, a P.E.R. of Norwalk, Conn., Lodge and now a member of **DELAND, FLA.,** Lodge, where he resides, has much to be grateful for. Taken to DeLand Memorial Hospital and badly in need of blood transfusions, Mr. Roche was aided by E.R. George Lee of the local lodge, who went out on the street and made a plea to passersby to give assistance to the ailing man. That he was successful is evidenced in the fact that 85 persons offered themselves for examination as to their blood type.

LODGE NOTES



The Volunteers of America basketball team which has been sponsored by **ELMIRA, N. Y.**, Lodge for three years as part of its youth program, is the Eastside Intermediate Championship group . . . **SHREVEPORT, LA.**, Lodge has had 82 additions to its membership rolls during the past year and has paid off its \$15,000 mortgage, besides making about \$10,000 worth of improvements on its home during the lodge term . . . An oil painting of Gov. J. Bracken Lee, P.E.R. of **PRICE, UTAH**, Lodge, was presented to the Price group by **SALT LAKE CITY** Elks recently. Gov. Lee attended the ceremonies at which E.R. Horace C. Beck presented the portrait, executed by Salt Lake City Elk S. E. Samuelson, to D.D. R. T. Mitchell. Gov. Lee is the first P.E.R. to be elected Chief Executive of his State . . . **HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.**, Lodge put on its annual minstrel this year and it was as successful as all previous ones . . . **FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.**, Lodge won the South District Ritualistic Contest before approximately 100 onlookers. Seven lodges entered the competition . . . Twenty-six-year-old Leland E. Birch was installed as Exalted Ruler of **EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO**, Lodge by 84-year-old P.E.R. J. S. Hilbert, one of the two surviving Charter Members of the lodge . . . W. Lee Mains took office as Exalted Ruler of **BILLINGS, MONT.**, Lodge 45 years after his late father started his term as lodge leader . . . **HONOLULU, HAWAII**, Lodge had an unusual installation this year when 25 years after his taking office as Exalted Ruler, William Lederer, Sr., had the pleasure of installing his son, Bill Jr., as leader of the Lodge . . . On Old Timers' Night **WHITING, IND.**, Lodge presented a Life Membership to one of its Charter Members Frank Greenwald, Sr., an Elk since 1912.



At a recent meeting of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge which is building a handsome new home were, left to right: P.E.R. F. F. Williams, E.R. L. H. Gillick, D.D. Arno Zeese, Lt. Cmdr. Arthur H. Wehle of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, E.R. Robert Adams of Balboa, C. Z., Lodge, and P.E.R. Archie Gibson.



Emmert Thompson, seated, center, Pres. of Witham Hospital Board, receives a \$1,000 check from Secy. Russell Mefford on behalf of Lebanon, Ind., Lodge, to cover the purchase of hospital equipment, including an incubator, utility carts, Levine suction, clocks, etc. Others include hospital officials, E.R. Arthur Richards and Elk Trustee Lylle Neal. This lodge of about 400 members has donated \$1,000 to the Elks Cancer Control Fund, \$500 to the local Community Service and approximately \$1,000 to other charities.



Leadville, Colo., Lodge presents its latest gift to St. Vincent's Hospital. P.E.R.'s, officers and State Pres. Frank Holitza are pictured with Sisters of the Hospital. This is one of the many Elk gifts made to this institution.



Ontario, Calif., entertained the San Diego "Padres" Baseball Club in training there. Standing, left to right: E. M. Dietz, D.D. R. N. Traver, E.R. G. B. Dorning, Acting Mayor Carl Anderson of Chino, Police Chief E. L. Mueller, Secy. C. T. Johns, High School Coach Harry Yochen and Joseph Aime. Seated: Mayor Eugene Nisbet of Upland, "Padres" Coach Jimmy Reese, Trainer Lester Cook, Mayor R. D. Boles of Ontario and Coach Red Corriden.



All lined up for its successful three-day run is the cast of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge's Minstrel Show, the first to be televised. Proceeds netted \$3,000.

A patient of St. Catherine's Hospital uses a book projector donated by McCook, Neb., Elks, dedicated to the memory of F. N. Weiland, 17-year Secy. of the lodge, to whom the stadium at the Junior College Football Field was also dedicated. Pictured are Chairman Thomas F. Colfer of the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, P.E.R. F. T. Hanson, patient Gary Snyder and his nurse, Mrs. Bobby Arends.



Decatur, Ill., Lodge presents a sound movie projector to the city's Recreation Board for use in city playgrounds. Left to right: R. Foval, Recreation Director, Otto Kyle of the Recreation Board, Chairman Glen Ruffner of the Circus Committee, in charge of the sponsoring of a circus to raise money for Junior Police, Girl and Boy Scouts, Catholic Charities and Recreation Board.



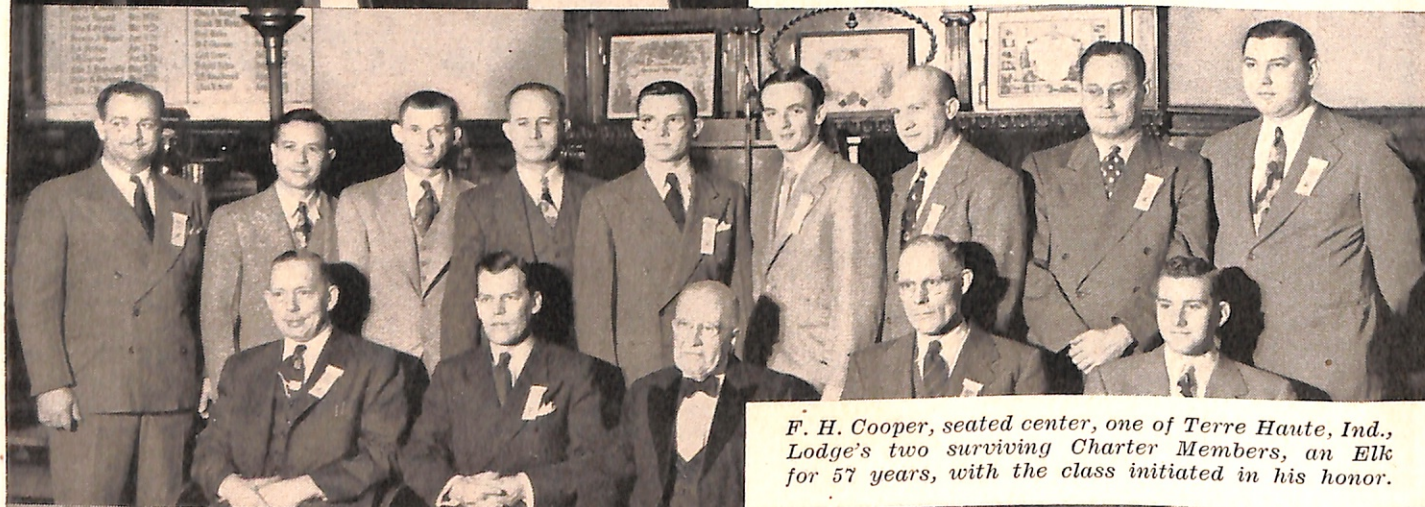
When Wolf Point, Mont., Lodge was instituted 228 men formed its Charter Class. Also in attendance were D.D. Roy A. Penhale, State Pres. Kennan W. Skeen, and State Trustee Eugene Foote. Glendive Lodge officers performed the initiation.



Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge's 47 new Elks initiated in honor of D.D. W. M. Lytle, standing center, rear. Frank Gustine, formerly of the Pittsburgh Pirates, now of the Chicago Cubs, was a member of this class.



Minot, N.D., Lodge entertains State President Everett E. Palmer and several other Williston Elks.



F. H. Cooper, seated center, one of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge's two surviving Charter Members, an Elk for 57 years, with the class initiated in his honor.



Appleton, Wisconsin, Elks of 25 or more years' membership, who were honored on Old Timers' Night.

CEREBRAL PALSY victims have a brighter future, now that their plight is becoming more generally known. As usual, the Elks has been one of the first organizations to show active interest in the welfare of such handicapped children.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., Elks deeply aware of the suffering of cerebral palsy victims and anxious to alleviate it, have proved it by voting to underwrite a projected school to the extent of \$15,000 for the first year—this, in addition to its annual \$20,000 charity expenditure.

Convinced of the need for such a school, the Elks have given the city's Cerebral Palsy Society the first opportunity to set its plans in action, so that palsied children of their County may be aided.

An unusual project of **PATERSON, PASSAIC and CLIFTON, N. J.,** Lodges is the maintenance of a one-room clinic where both parents and their afflicted children may be trained. The purpose of this unique feature is that everyone concerned may understand the physical and speech therapy utilized by the school, thereby making it possible to continue the therapy at home.

All the clinic's training equipment was purchased and is maintained by the three lodges whose members have been so encouraged by the results that they are planning expansion of the treatment facilities.

TONOPAH, NEV., Lodge, No. 1062, mourns the death of Lowell Daniels, who had served the lodge as Secretary for 35 years. Born in 1879 in Cedar Rapids, Ia., Mr. Daniels was a graduate of the Michigan College of Law and settled in Tonopah in 1907. He served that Community as Deputy County Clerk, Deputy District Attorney and Elected District Attorney from 1931 to 1947 when he retired because of illness. The previous year, he had resigned as Secretary of his lodge and was subsequently presented with a Life Membership in that branch of the Order.

A veteran of World War I, Mr. Daniels had also served as Secretary of his American Legion Post.

NEWARK, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, through E.R. William Reilly, took part in the recent demonstration staged by the Boy Scouts of Robert Treat Council to mark the opening of the nationwide two-year Scout crusade, known as "Strengthen the Arm of Liberty". Many dignitaries, including Mayor Vincent Murphy spoke. E.R. Reilly provided each Boy and Cub Scout with a gold crusade button and each unit leader received a goal chart for use in the unit's meeting room.

The Elks were happy to aid in the program, the goals of which are to improve the Scout movement in leadership, program and membership.



Each year, E. A. Rouleau, Manager of the Associated Outdoor Clubs, Inc., designates one night at the dog track as Elks Night when all admissions go to Elk charities. Here is the Tampa, Fla., Elks Band with its leader Prof. J. F. Doyle, Mr. Rouleau, singer Charles Martin and C. O. Gabbert, Chairman of the lodge's Activities Committee, and some of this year's crowd.



Organized a little more than two years ago to entertain at Waterbury, Conn., Lodge's "Old Timers Night", the show this singing group put on was named "A Night with Jolly Corks". In constant demand to entertain at various other lodges, VA hospitals and city institutions, "The Jolly Corks" presented their new show at Waterbury Lodge for this year's "Old Timers Night" and again for the benefit of Danbury Lodge's building fund.



Citizenship Appreciation Day was observed for the first time by Gary, Ind., Lodge on Constitution Day. This is the first in an annual program to "assist young people in starting this challenging era of their lives with a full recognition of its importance." Seated, left to right: Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle, Mayor Eugene Swartz, E.R. R. D. Leever, Judge Donald Bowen of Indianapolis, principal speaker; P.E.R. Walter Pickart, originator of the idea. The others are 21-year-old Americans welcomed into full citizenship.

Lodges



On San Pedro, Calif., Lodge's "Sports Night" when prizes and trophies were awarded, left to right: National League Umpire Beans Reardon, Program Chairman Chas. Gonzales, Boston Red Sox short-stop Vernon Stephens, E.R. T. J. Reese and William Kane, former player on the LA Angels.



The officers of Goodland, Kans., Lodge, pictured with D.D. Clarence E. Klein, fourth from left, on his official visitation to that branch of the Order.



On Seguin, Tex., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night 24 men were initiated, and Harry Jersig, right, presented this handsome elk's head to E.R. F. J. Schroeder.



On Arlington, Mass., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night, State Association President Judge John E. Fenton, seated second from left with lodge officers and Past Exalted Rulers, presented pins to 25-year members of the lodge.

WILMINGTON, DELA., Lodge, No. 307, didn't expect anything in return for the "Food for Friendship" car it sponsored a year and a half ago. But, when the French "Merci Train" visited Wilmington, it contained a package for the Elks from the people of France as a gesture of gratitude.

When the Friendship Train was rolling across country, the Elks decided to sponsor the train for the State. They launched the drive on Armistice Day, set a goal of \$7,500 and went to work. When the time was almost ended, and the goal thousands of dollars away, it was left to the Elks to make good and they did, a fact which did not come to light until an editorial writer on the *Wilmington Journal-Every Evening* revealed it.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, climaxed its social and community activities for the year by formally turning over gifts valued at more than \$10,000 to medical and welfare institutions.

Presentation certificates were handed to representatives of the Miriam Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, three boys' clubs, the CYO, Children's Center of R. I., and the St. Vincent de Paul Infant Home. The ceremony was conducted by P.E.R. James F. Duffy, Jr., and presentations made by E.R. C. W. Higham.

In a brief address, Mayor Dennis J. Roberts, a member of the lodge, praised the Elks for their community consciousness in making these wonderful gifts which included such items as a heart station, consisting of a room outfitted with bed, portable steps, blood pressure apparatus, cardiograph machines, dressing room, dark room, complete record system, etc. This will be used as an instruction unit for the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital. A deep-freeze unit was given the hospital's annex. Boys' clubs received motion picture projectors and auxiliary equipment, an electric range, steam table and refrigerator. The St. Vincent Home received a new fireproof equipment set for a new record system. A complete regulation boxing ring and incidental equipment went to the CYO.

After the presentation ceremonies, the lodge members and their guests enjoyed dinner in the auditorium of the lodge home, completing the afternoon's program with entertainment. That evening found 37 new members on No. 14's rolls, initiated at the lodge session. All in all, it was quite a day.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME residents had a great day at the circus not long ago. Invited to attend the Shrine Circus at Roanoke, through the kindness of Morris L. Masinter of the Shrine Committee and a P.E.R. of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, 30-odd residents made the journey to Roanoke in a special bus and enjoyed a wonderful afternoon's entertainment. The old-timers had excellent seats in the front rows, and threw themselves wholeheartedly into the spirit of the occasion, even to imbibing in pink lemonade. In the party were several old-time circus men who talked over big-top business with the performers. All things considered, it was a terrific day.

The Home Lodge held its installation of officers early in April. The leaders of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge came over for the ceremonies and did the honors. For the eleventh time, Daniel F. Edgington of Wichita, Kans., was installed as Exalted Ruler. George Wolfe, who had been an efficient Secretary for 15 years, was obliged to retire because of the press of other duties he performs at the Home and Arthur W. Johnson of Chicago Lodge No. 4 took his place. Other officers for the year are Lead Knight, Clarence C. Fletcher, Loveland, Colo.; Loyal Knight, Wm. J. Martens, New York No. 1; Lect. Knight Jehu A. Peters, Des Moines, Ia.; Treas. Thomas Hughes, Adams, Mass.; Tiler Rienhold Schmidt, Yonkers, N. Y. Appointive officers are Esq., William Morrissey, Wilkesburg, Pa.; Chaplain, C. W. Hendricks, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Inner Guard, Augustus B. Champion, Oakland, Calif.; Organist, W. Lee Elkin, Louisville, Ky.; Soloist, Edward L. Dryer, Muskegon, Mich.

The session was well attended and a pleasant social hour was held after the meeting.

NEWTON, IA., Lodge, No. 1270, held its P.E.R.'s Night with all chairs filled by former leaders who initiated a class of candidates in a most exemplary fashion.

A dinner preceded the ceremonies, with a special table for P.E.R.'s and Charter Members. The principal speaker was P.E.R. Daniel K. Brennan of Rock Island.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Lodge, No. 235, played host to about 300 guests at the 8th Annual Father and Son Banquet of the lodge. Out-of-towners on hand were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, F. J. Schrader, Assistant Grand Secretary, and State Trustee Dr. Wm. A. Hart.

Members of No. 235's Ritualistic Team won first place at the Northern Indiana District meeting at Elkhart. This team, tops for the second consecutive year, will represent its district in the State contest in June. The winner there will represent Indiana in the Grand Lodge Contest.



Ridgewood, N. J., Elks have contributed a great deal to the N. J. Paraplegic Committee in aiding the State's 87 paraplegic veterans. These young men, including Fred Stephens, right foreground, Life Member, participated in the "Wheel Chair Basketball Game" sponsored by Ridgewood Lodge.



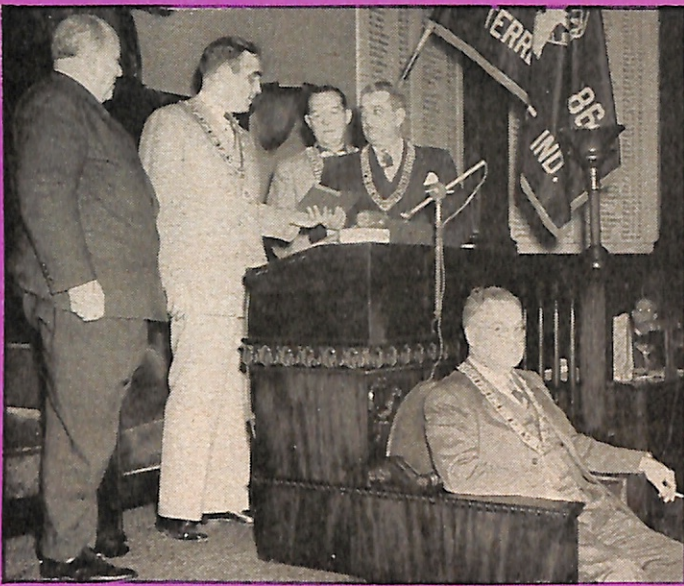
Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Red Wing, Minn., Lodge, found twenty-one of the lodge's twenty-six former leaders on hand.



John Hollar, representing Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge, gives a \$1669.15 check to Vice-Pres. Loren Davis of Rockingham Hospital, in payment for the portable X-ray unit, foreground, as Elk and hospital officials look on.



Petaluma, Calif., Elks pictured at the Petaluma General Hospital when the lodge formally presented two Castle Humidicribs, baby incubators, also pictured here, as one of its community child welfare projects.



On behalf of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, E.R. John J. Cleary presents an Elgin wristwatch to C. L. Shideler, Secy. of his lodge for 15 consecutive years and of the State Assn. for ten. Among the 600 who took part in honoring Mr. Shideler for his many contributions to Elksdom were, left, Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle, center, Chaplain Dr. R. H. Scofield and, seated, Esq. Robert L. Davis. Other notables present included Ind. State Pres. Simpson Stoner, Ill. State Pres. Floyd Cheney and Ky. State Secy. Joseph Kraemer.



Robert J. Ellingen, newly elected E.R. of Mendota, Ill., Lodge is installed by his father, O. J. Ellingen who led his Lodge in 1924-25 and 1932-33 and 34 and was also a two-term D.D. This is the first time in its 39 years such an occurrence happened at Mendota. Not doing so well in 1931, under E.R. Ellingen's leadership in 1932 the membership increased 104%. Four years ago, the Big Flood found the lodge home under four feet of water, costing the lodge \$15,000. A remodeling program was begun, with this year seeing it completed.



Gov. E. W. Gibson and Lt. Gov. H. J. Arthur headed the Degree Team which initiated a "Legislative Night" class at Montpelier, Vt., Lodge. All chairs were taken by legislators or legislative attachés. Right to left: Rep. R. W. Larrow, Rep. Gray Martin, Lt. Gov. Arthur, Senator S. J. Godfrey, Senator Asa S. Bloomer, of the Grand Lodge Committee on

Judiciary, Rep. Harold Shepardson, Rep. R. F. Niquette, Rep. Philip Bisbee, Attorney J. B. Wilson, Senator E. F. Branon, Rep. W. E. Dailey, Secy. of Civil and Military Affairs P. A. Bove, Gov. Gibson, Rep. and Mayor D. J. Healy, Rep. B. A. Robinson, Rep. Harold Sylvester, Senator J. B. Gibney, Rep. C. H. Brown, Rep. F. J. Fayette and A. A. Cree.



A dinner preceded the initiation of the Barney W. Wentz Class of 55 candidates into Ashland, Pa., Lodge by Mahanoy City Lodge's famous Degree Team. Present were Grand

Trustee Howard R. Davis, State Pres. John T. Gross, D.D. S. M. Braybrook and Past Association Presidents G. J. Post, Scott E. Drum, Dr. Chas. V. Hogan and Daniel Miller.

Lodges



Happy youngsters accept memberships in the YMCA and YWCA from E.R. B. H. McCoy. P.E.R. Karl Blankenbiller, left, and P.E.R. C. C. Buckwalter look on. This is part of Reading, Pa., Lodge's project in cooperation with the Grand Exalted Ruler's famous slogan "Make Democracy Work."



Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, honored the two State Championship Basketball Teams at a dinner recently. In attendance were, seated, left to right: P.E.R. Neil Verburg, Central High Coach Bob Quiring and Principal E. M. Thomas, D.D. A. M. Lindsley, E.R. Russell King, sports editor G. J. Hagan of the Gazette, Chamber of Commerce Pres. Harold L. Bills, Msgr. John R. Hackett, St. Augustine School Coach H. B. Freeman and Chaplain Ora Andrus.



Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge's 60 bowlers who make up the ten teams in the Santa Ana Elks League. Over 80 local members of the Order represent the lodge in State, sectional, county and city leagues and tourneys.

WILLARD, OHIO, Lodge, No. 1370, held a Joe Whistler party recently that was a terrific success. Joe, a member of the lodge, has been the first-string fullback on the Ohio State University football team for the past three years and is the recipient of the *Chicago Tribune* Football award.

In appreciation of Joe Whistler's record and the prestige he has brought to the community, the lodge held a party in his honor which was attended by many noted sports personages, District Elks and State Elk officials. Ohio State coaches on hand were Wesley Fesler, Esco Sarkinen, Carroll Widdoes, and Lyall Clark. Dr. Jimmy Hull, former All-American basketball star of the University, was M.C. Others present were Paul Hornung, *Columbus Dispatch* sports writer, Jim Langhurst, Captain and fullback of the 1940 Ohio State team who was the first to be so honored by Willard Elks, and Charlie Ream and Doc Spears, former Ohio State grid players.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., Lodge, No. 1248 received a little publicity in our November issue last year, but its ramifications were enormous.

The publicity took the form of a picture of Charter Members John W. Evert, Wm. H. Shumaker and Melvin R. Crowl on the lodge's Charter Night.

Well, it seems Mr. Crowl's niece, 83-year-old Mrs. Alberta Hoover of Central Point, Ore., was looking at her son's copy, saw the picture, recognized the name and wrote to her uncle, who promptly replied. The two last saw each other when Mr. Crowl was 18 and Mrs. Hoover was 15, and despite their advanced age, they hope to have a real reunion soon. The Magazine's staff hopes so too, particularly pleased that it was through our pages that this happy turn of events transpired, bringing an end to a 65-year separation.

BILOXI, MISS., Lodge, No. 606, was host to doctors and nurses of the Crippled Children's Service Clinic not long ago when the annual Clinic for that area was jammed with 112 registrations.

In order to speed the luncheon period and enable the doctors and nurses to have a typical seafood dinner, the luncheon was held at the lodge home, prepared by the Ladies Auxiliary. Retiring E.R. Lee Gutierrez, newly elected E.R. Henry Schwan and Secy. Clyde Campbell, together with members of the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, enjoyed luncheon with the group of 20 doctors and nurses.

Top Team on a Totem Pole

(Continued from page 13)

be used for all days—and, especially, all nights.

But it wasn't all Barnumism. That was just the window-dressing. Included was a lot of solid, serious promotion, and potent personal contact. Veeck must have spoken at luncheons, banquets and affairs in every city and hamlet in Ohio. No place was too small, no occasion seemingly too insignificant. No candidate ever shook more hands, or theoretically kissed more babies.

There was, furthermore, some shrewd baseball trading and buying—the purchase of Joe "Flash" Gordon from the New York Yankees, for one; the spotting and signing of Larry Doby, the powerful Negro flash, for another. The miraculous net of all this was a pennant, an ensuing World Series victory, and thus a World Championship in two short years, plus the All-Time record of 2,620,627 paid admissions, which had the cash registers ringing like batteries of miniature burglar alarms.

That's a thumbnail scenario of the overall Cleveland Story, undoubtedly the most amazing promotional epic in the history of sport.

I realize, however, Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, that you're interested in how these Cleveland Indians play baseball, what you have to have to cope with them, and, as the boys say, of how they "suit up". On that general theme, I can really wax passionate. First, I'll sketch how they've done it to us, and were doing it even pre-Veeck, their Boston behavior being more or less typical.

They were a burr under our blanket, a snake in our timothy, a mongrel in our manger long before their topside change and last season's unspeakable impudence. They were seldom going anywhere and our Sox were always about to for a full ten years before last year's uprising.

Our heroes, through that dreary decade, were running a consistent, if a poor, second to the seemingly indomitable Yankees, and although our man, Mr. Yawkey, was believed to have poured all of four million dollars into our Back Bay Brobdingnagians, they were like the gal with B.O., psoriasis, or whatever, over whom the ads used to mourn, "often a bridesmaid, but never a bride".

Just when it appeared they were about to catch the bouquet, this Cleveland outfit would come limping into town. The advance notices always had it in a very bad way. Keltner, the third baseman, was always in a terrible slump and Boudreau, owner of the strongest pair of weak ankles in baseball, and hands like a woman, would be reported taped and bandaged as if he'd been run over by a gang plow. So far as those two cripples are concerned that short left

field wall in our Fenway Park ought to be hung with their crutches, like the walls of Lourdes or St. Anne de Beaupre. You never saw such miraculous cures. That's a very pretty wall. It's all solid green. Mr. Yawkey's a rich man. He permits no billboards in his ball park. The wall's 36 feet high, and there's a 30-foot net on top of that just to catch all the nice baseballs our preponderantly right-handed Red Sox are supposed to hit into it for easy home runs. It's invitingly located only 315 feet from home plate.

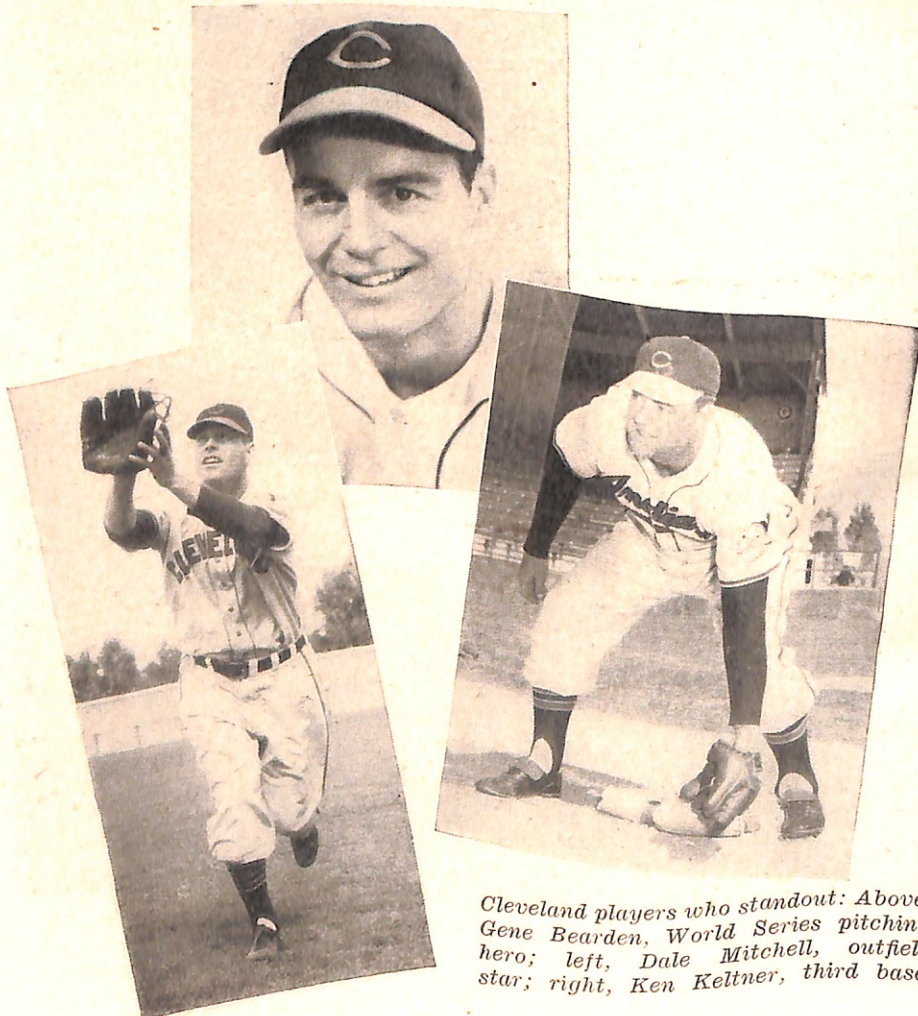
Inevitably, the Mr. Keltner who elsewhere hadn't been able to hit an elephant in the bustle with a kayak paddle, and the Mr. Boudreau trussed up in tape like the original King Tut, would start tattooing that bastion with thudding line drives good for extra bases, depending upon the angle of ricochet. Then, just to show what fun it was, one or both, would crank up and belt one, not into, but completely over the top of those nets.

Mind you, this was in the old days when they weren't going anywhere, and we were, or were trying to. They were ruining us regularly before they had any help, but they became really obnoxious when this Mr. Veeck took over and equipped them with a third

right-handed power hitter in the inimitable—that is, inimitable except for our Robert Pershing Doerr—Joe Gordon.

It became customary then in Boston to pray for a strong west wind on days when Cleveland was in town. Shortly, however, they added two powerful left-handed sluggers in Dale Mitchell and Larry Doby. These began, like Ted Williams, to stroke the agate just as energetically in the opposite direction. At that point, petitions to the throne had to be abandoned, because not even that miraculous thinking machine across the classic Charles at Harvard University could explain how we could hope to have strong winds from the west and the east blowing plateward simultaneously.

CLEVELAND really ruined us last year. Under the charitable, and almost tragic circumstances, it may sound a little harsh to say they began it with a piece of inspired skulduggery, but dummed if I've ever been able to get over the suspicion. The race with Cleveland was in the clutch the third week in September, and our Sox were having trouble (a chronic condition) on those western trips. The immediate



Cleveland players who stand out: Above, Gene Bearden, World Series pitching hero; left, Dale Mitchell, outfield star; right, Ken Keltner, third base.

calamity had been the loss of a Sunday doubleheader in Detroit. Our heroes, however, had managed to get up off the floor and to cage the mangy Bengal on Monday and Tuesday. This put them one game ahead of the Indians who were in their own bivouac and meeting the easier teams. The Sox were due to stop by Cleveland on the way east and play a single afternoon game on September 22. Suddenly, they received an unexpected proposition from the ever alert Mr. Veeck. At the moment the Cleveland pitcher, Don Black, supposedly lay at death's door from a brain hemorrhage that had felled him on the field during a game some days previously.

Cleveland wanted to do the handsome thing by this man whose career was probably ended, said Mr. Veeck, and it had decided to turn over its complete share of the receipts of the Red Sox game to Black's family. Naturally, the receipts would be larger if the game were played at night, said Mr. Veeck; therefore, would the Red Sox kindly and sympathetically consent to switch the crucial contest from the afternoon to the evening?

The Red Sox couldn't very well refuse without bringing the wrath of all fandom down on their defenseless heads. I have never heard that they ever discussed, or considered, refusing.

Their prompt answer was "Certainly", and Cleveland's prompt answer to that was to throw Feller against them, under artificial, rather than natural, light. The night, as an event, was a tremendous success—to everybody but the Red Sox. A crowd of 76,772 paid attended, the Black fund reached the handsome total of \$40,380, and Feller blinded the Hose with a brilliant three-hitter, while breezing to a 5-2 win. That result locked the Indians and the Red Sox in the standings at 91 wins, 55 losses, with but eight games remaining.

They were still locked at the finish and had to play it off in Boston—the first play-off in all American League history.

Black, fortunately, recovered. The Red Sox never did. Was Mr. Veeck's charitable suggestion all humanitarianism, or partly hornswoggling? I merely pose the query. It doesn't make much difference now.

Of course, each still had eight games to go, and each staggered, rather than ran the distance. The Sox had their troubles with the Senators and the Yankees. The Indians were fighting for their lives versus the White Sox and the Tigers. They fell into their final death clutch with each other, each with 96 wins and 58 losses.

That play-off game was typical Cleveland. Keltner, as usual, was in a bad way. Boudreau was really in pitiful shape. That latter is a factual statement for once. The great sachem of the Indians was really and truly in desperate condition. He was

(Continued on page 36)

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not only taped and wired and splinted from injuries, but he was suffering from such a heavy cold he could scarcely speak, and he should have been in bed. Furthermore, the Indians seemed to be fresh out of pitchers.

Still, history began its inexorable repetition. Mr. Boudreau, the bona fide refugee from galloping pneumonia, staggered up to bat with two out in the first, took his usual impossible squat with the seat of his pants almost back to the Indian bench and promptly whaled the onion into the netting atop that left field barrier. The weak and wan leader of the Ohio Ojibways proceeded to hit another home run and two singles in the rest of that all-important contest. Keltner had an off day. He hit only one home run and one single. Gordon must have been loafing. He got only one single, but the rest of the brethren contributed a sufficiency at the expense of Galehouse and Kinder to give the Indians 13 blows, including three home runs.

Cleveland was supposed to be in terrible shape for pitching, too, remember, but Boudreau, sighing deeply, no doubt, decided to hope for the best with a giant freshman named Gene Bearden, an Arkansawyer who serves from the wrong, or left side. Bearden's speed, curve, slider and knuckler had the Sox batters looking mostly like colorblind engineers chasing lightning bugs under fluorescent illumination.

Lo, the poor Indians won, 8 to 5. I won't go into the Series because you must have heard it or read it, or maybe you saw it. There's just one little item in that connection I shall pause to insert. It came to light later, adding insult to injury. It's that, before the Indians ever took off for that final go with the Red Sox, they shipped all their spare bats and other paraphernalia to our other Boston ball park, Braves Field.

The significance of that is that the World Series was scheduled to start at Braves Field on October sixth, two days after the Cleveland-Red Sox playoff, regardless of which American League entrant won. So certain were these Indians that it would be they, that they shipped their spare dunnage on to the National League dressing stalls in advance.

Then came the rest and our complete discombobulation. It's my private opinion, since we've got our stays off, that the Indians would have swept the Series in four straight games, if Bill Stewart hadn't missed that Feller-to-Boudreau pickoff play on Phil Masi.

THE Cleveland Indians are worthy World Champions. Lou Boudreau is on record as saying, "We'll be the team to beat for from three to five years." If he means in the American League, it's hard to quarrel with him. The Yanks are a shell. Our Red Sox are ageing. Detroit may improve, but all the rest have to build.

The Indians, indeed, seem to have

more of the most, starting with Boudreau himself. This last of the playing managers is a Hall of Fame certainty. The average age of his infield is 32½ years, with Gordon's 34 and Keltner's 33 topping Boudreau's 32 and Mickey Vernon's 31. That's getting along as baseball lives go, yet none of these is really tripping over his beard.

The thundering hitters of their outfield, Mitchell, Doby and Clark, have plenty of years left. It's my conviction that the fleet and powerful Doby, 6 ft. ½-inch, and 200 pounds of ebon whipcord and whalebone, is destined to become one of the great outfielders of all time, yet many experts consider Mitchell his superior.

In the burly, 29-year-old Jim Hegan, the Indians have the greatest catcher in baseball. So, at least, say the experts, including Stout Steve O'Neill, currently a coach with the Indians; but Stout Stephen, one of the greatest hindsnatchers who ever went down under the bats in his own time, was still managing the Tigers when he so praised Hegan to me. That was in Cleveland at the height of the last World Series. Mike Tresh can spell Hegan with small loss of power.

Their pitching staff is the strongest in either division. As this is written, Bob Feller, who lugged them so long, is bothered with arm trouble. At 31, with the break of the war, and all, it could be that his hard one won't come up with fur on it as it always has done. Granting that he's due to dim, there's still Bob Lemon,

Gene Bearden, Frank Papish, Steve Gromek, Sam Zoldak, Satch Paige, Early Wynn (a proper name for a pitcher), and more. That's more than enough. Ask the Braves. They beat Feller but couldn't cope with the rest. The whole is well braced with reserves.

Add to all this, spirit reminiscent of a fine college team, expert field generalship, two former managers as coaches, a generous front office with a genius for promotion, and an intensely loyal following undistracted by other diversions such as, for instance, a race track, and you begin to see why the Cleveland Story is unparalleled in baseball. We, of Boston, are ag'in 'em. We're out to murder 'em, but our battered fedoras sweep low just the same.

Lou Boudreau is one of the grandest guys in baseball, or anywhere else, and his World Champion Indians are classic exemplars of all that's noble, courageous and admirable . . . but just you wait. We're still laying for 'em, and you couldn't exactly brain me with a feather duster if this turned out to be the year.

Heaven knows such justice is long overdue, but don't say anything about it if you're talking with the Indians. We don't want to get 'em aroused. They were tough enough before they rated wearing those World Champion war bonnets. If they get any worse, when we hear them heading our way, we'll have to evacuate the women and children to the hills.

WHY JOE CRONIN WAS RELEASED BY PITTSBURGH



JOE CRONIN

In the March issue, Milton Gross, who is a sports writer reporting New York Yankee games, contributed an article about spring baseball training

and pointed out that rookie diamonds in the rough are not always easy to spot—in fact often are overlooked. Mr. Gross cited the releases of Tris Speaker, Christy Mathewson and Joe Cronin, who was twice released by the Pirates.

This reference to the releases of Cronin by the Pirates prompted William E. Benswanger, an Elk of over thirty years standing and for many years president of the Pirates, to write an interesting letter explaining why the Pittsburgh team lost Cronin.

"The fact was that Pittsburgh allowed Cronin to get away and was sorry for it. The option

rules in 1928 were quite different from what they are now and if the present option rules had been in effect then Cronin would not have been

released. I have this from Mr. Barney Dreyfuss (then president of the Pirates), who so often told me that he regarded Cronin as a coming great player at the time of his release, but that under the rules existing at the time, he was unable to keep him. Hence there was no mistake nor reason for regret. Just one of those things that happen in baseball . . . It must also be remembered that Glenn Wright was playing shortstop for Pittsburgh at the time. Cronin was not the only man released because of the then existing option rules, either by the Pittsburgh club or by other major league clubs".—William E. Benswanger.



GLENN WRIGHT

GRAND LODGE CONTESTS BULLETIN

The Grand Lodge Ritualistic Contest will be held in the lodge room of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge on July 9, 10, 11 and 12, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Between 22 and 25 teams are expected to participate, and it is intended to run six and not more than seven teams a day. Judges and checkers for this competition are Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Judges; Judges: Byron Albert, Fort Collins, Colo., and A. Guy Miller, Annapolis, Md.; Checkers: Robert C. Pruitt, Buckhead, Ga., and C. D. Stevens, Portland, Me.

★ ★ ★

Senior Band and Junior Band Contests will be conducted under the supervision of Grand Esquire Cyril A. Kremsner, and will be held in Cleveland on July 12th starting at 8 a.m. Participating groups will be judged from both a musical standpoint and inspection.

Senior Bands must have a complete Elk membership, all participants in good standing in their lodges. Membership cards will be checked by a representative of the Grand Esquire.

Junior Band members, except the director, must be under 21 years of age, of either sex, and all groups sponsored by a subordinate lodge.

Application for entry should be in the hands of the Grand Esquire no later than July 10th. In an emergency, entries may be made at the meeting of representatives Monday evening, July 11th, the hour and place to be announced by the Grand Esquire.

All bands must parade in full uniform in the Grand Lodge Parade Tuesday night, to be eligible for any awards or prizes. The best Drum Major and Drum Majorette will be judged and selected as they pass the reviewing stand. In these competitions, members of the All American Drum, Bugle Corps and Band Association will judge, and their decision will be final. All bands must be on hand one half-hour in advance of their appointed time to stand inspection. Failure to do so will result in a penalty.

Each Band will be required to play a warm-up march of its own selection not to exceed four minutes' playing time (this number will not be judged), and one concert number to be selected by the judges. Each band must submit its concert numbers to the judges at the meeting of the representatives, from which the judges will select the numbers to be played.

All Bands will be judged on the following point basis:

Inspection	10 points
Instrumentation	10 "
Conducting	15 "
Interpretation & Expression	25 "
Articulation & Intonation	20 "
Ensemble & General Effect	20 "

A trophy and a cash prize will be awarded the winning band in each classification, and a cash prize will be awarded to the second place band in each group. Trophies will be awarded to the winning Drum Major and Majorette.

The Senior division winner shall be known as and entitled "National Champion Band of the B.P.O. Elks for 1949-50"; the Junior winner as "National Champion Junior Band of the B.P.O. Elks for 1949-50".

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RULES:

1. All Elks in good standing eligible to compete.
2. Each shooter required to register at clubhouse Dover Bay Gun Club before signing up for any event. Elks membership card must be shown.
3. Classes for first day's shooting decided on Lewis Class System to take care of entrants not having A.T.A. cards.
4. In handicap event all not having A.T.A. registered yardage will be awarded handicap by Classification Committee on basis of shooter's 200-16 yd. shooting on first day. That yardage to be his score divided by eight to the closest yard, less 1 yard. Shooters not having competed on first day will be assigned 22 yards.
5. No shooter assigned a handicap less than 17 yards.
6. All ties to be shot off same day if possible; contestants not to leave grounds under penalty of forfeit.
7. Ample supply of shells on sale on grounds at standard prices per box.
8. Shooting to start each day at 10 A. M.

For further details write to George H. Cottrell, Box 286, Lakeview, Ohio

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 14)

Others may exist only in the comparatively shallow water of offshore banks, such as the Grand Banks, where they are virtually penned in by the surrounding deep water. Then there are those, such as the sailfish, dolphin and many others, which make their home in the moving water of an ocean current, such as the Gulf Stream, and are never found in numbers elsewhere. And finally there are the many species, small and great, which exist only in coastal waters. Some of these are extremely limited in range because they demand such a specialized set of circumstance for their environment, such as the much-prized bonefish which lives only on certain shallow sand flats such as occur at Bimini and along the Florida keys. Others, such as bluefish and mackerel, range freely over quite a variety of coastal water.

It is among these coastal fish that are found the species which provide the greatest amount of sport for the most fishermen. Offshore acrobats like the graceful sailfish and glisten-

ing marlin are for the few fishermen fortunate enough to be able to seek them over the horizon in well-equipped boats. It is fish which habitually live within reach of beaches, piers and jetties, or at least within range of small boats, which provide sport for the most of us. And the most available of these are the ones which seem to be almost as much at home in brackish or fresh water as they are in salt. These are fish which seek their food in the pounding surf and in the bays and estuaries and up rivers. These are fish like the tarpon, the snook, the channel bass and the striped bass.

IT ALSO seems to be natural to assume that the sea is ever bountiful; that the sea, being as enormous as it is, can continue to provide amply for all no matter how heavy the harvest. Among the Plains Indians there was a similar assumption about the generosity of the prairies which provided them with buffalo. The buffalo was the primary source of food, shelter

and clothing for these people; so it was natural that their culture was based on this animal and that their fanciful legends concerned it. They believed for instance that in the spring of each year huge herds of buffalo poured out of great holes in the southern prairie like bees out of a hive and that these herds gradually moved north during the summer, eventually to disappear forever in the northern wastes. There was no harm in taking an ample harvest of the animals because next spring new herds would swarm out of the ground as before.

This theory worked all right for the Indians. Next to hunting, their favorite pastime was fighting, which, with bows and lances and knives and guns, has its occupational hazards; so the Plains Indians were never a very numerous people. There just weren't enough of them to make serious inroads on the buffalo stock. But when the railroad cut across the buffalo's migration route, when the hide hunter with his auto-loading

rifle appeared, and when the plow turned under the buffalo grass, the hole-in-the-ground theory didn't work so well. It required just ten years to shatter this age-old conception. That was the end of the buffalo and the Indian's way of life.

We have discovered, too, that the sea is equally limited in what it can produce. This has become especially evident with fish such as the striped bass which are so restricted in their natural habitat. These fish never range far to sea. The young are spawned and born in the brackish water of estuaries—sometimes well up rivers in virtually fresh water—and at no time are even the old ones known to venture far beyond the breakers. They pass their entire lives within convenient range of fishermen.

In Colonial days the abundance of striped bass and their excellence as sport and food fish caused no end of amazement among the early settlers. For instance, Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, wrote of these bass: "I myself, at the turning of the tyde, have seen such multitudes . . . that it seemed to me that one might go over their backs drishod." It is obvious from such a statement that Captain John was a fisherman, for only fishermen see such sights, and being a fisherman, it is barely conceivable that the good man might have exaggerated just a wee bit. Many of his contemporaries, however, were just as graphic as he in their descriptions of the hordes of these fish. It seems certain that they were present in great numbers. Today we know that there are no such numbers.

WE DO know this, however: seventy years ago there were still millions of striped bass along the Atlantic Coast in contrast with 435 of them in California waters, and yet today the balance has shifted to the extent that there are those in the East who look enviously to the fishing Californians enjoy. Some East Coast fishermen come out flat-footedly and say that this situation is due to the stupidity of those who manage their fisheries, but this is a limited view. It is not so much a question of stupidity on one hand as it is foresight on the other. Inertia is a more appropriate word than stupidity. That is, the decrease on the East Coast was not caused so much by what the local fisheries managers have done as by what they have not done. When the striped bass was abundant and the population it served was relatively limited, any means of capture of these fish was sanctioned: they could be taken by any type of seine, trap, snare, set-line or spear at any season and in any locality. This included such operations as seining the spawners or the concentrated schools of fish wintering in rivers. These practices were perfectly all right at one time, but they were allowed to continue far beyond the time when it was economically advisable. This, plus the fact that pollution and other advances of civilization

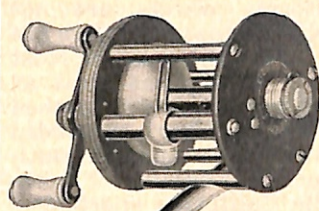
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Coxe and Bronson

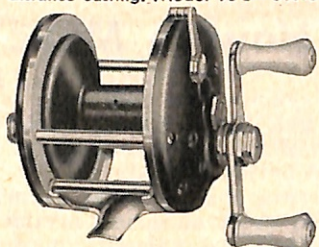
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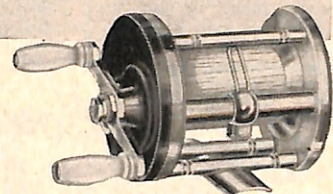


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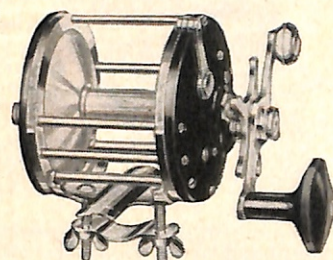


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tion have made much former striped-bass territory untenable, accounts for the East Coast decrease.

Custom can be a stubborn thing. The many pleas for added protection for these excellent food and game fish always have been met with the argument that restraining regulations would work a hardship on the commercial fisherman who are dependent on such fish for a livelihood. This is true. It is equally true that it might have worked a hardship on the buffalo hide-hunters to have limited their take, but as it was, they worked themselves completely out of a job in less than ten years.

The California waters are not better suited to striped bass than are those along the Atlantic Coast. Most certainly they are not as ideal as those in which these fish flourished naturally. The striper succeeded there not simply because of a bountiful environment but because of an assist from the California sportsmen. Where Easterners failed to act, Californians moved fast. Being a com-

paratively young community, the West Coast was not seriously hampered by precedent, so they did what many in the East have long wanted to do: they pronounced the striped bass a game fish, thus prohibiting his sale and making his capture subject to specific regulations. A limited form of commercial fishing had been attempted and proved unwise, and this move was made to insure a good supply of these fine fish from that day on.

If no action is taken along the Atlantic Coast for a few more years, and if commercial fish-catching methods continue to improve, possibly the numbers of striped bass will be reduced to a level where it will no longer be profitable to fish for them. With the fishermen thus already out of a job, protective regulations could be passed without working a hardship on a soul. It is an extreme thought, perhaps, but certainly at that time there will be at least 435 striped bass left along the Atlantic seaboard.

How to Make a Paper Profit

(Continued from page 21)

difficult to get. Take, for example, the business of running a small farm. The pleasant fiction that almost anyone can operate a subsistence farm is one of the most enduring myths in American folklore. Actually, it requires considerable technical skill and a substantial capital investment. Just how much can be ascertained quickly anywhere in the country from state or federal country farm agents. They will also assay the soil productivity of a particular farm and provide detailed, up-to-date information on crops and markets. They will tell the neophyte when to plant, where to plant and what to plant—all for free. But most beginners get neck-deep in debt before soliciting such competent advice. Then it's too late.

The man who wants to be his own boss can start the ponderous but often effective wheels of government operating in his behalf merely by writing a letter. The Department of Labor, for example, has an advisory service that has started many a venture on the road to success. A filling station operator who had saved his money decided, for reasons indiscernible, to start a small bakery chain. Happily he wrote the Labor Department asking about the availability of baker-managers. Included in the information he received was some pertinent, eye-opening data showing that the 1947-48 birth rate hit a record high 4,000,000 a year, with the promise of a booming baby crop for several years to come. It didn't take him long to figure out that with so many kiddies growing up and with many of their mothers holding down full or part-time jobs there was going to be an immediate and hearty demand for nursery schools. Now he is the proud and prospering proprietor of a growing

chain of kindergartens. By carefully picking his locations he can't lose.

Another ambitious young man who thought he wanted a dairy farm consulted the department and was astonished to discover that there has been for twenty years an increasing shortage of veterinarians, probably because of the popularity decline of the horse. Most veterinarians, too, are past fifty and their years of practice are numbered. At the same time, he learned, the number of small animal pets, such as cats and dogs, has skyrocketed, many of them owned by people whose sentiment and pocketbooks permit payment of substantial vet fees. This man began putting two and two together and bought an animal hospital. Now he has first call on the top students in several veterinarian schools. Soon he expects to have similar hospitals operating in a dozen cities.

The sources of business information are innumerable. The Department of Commerce has acres of pertinent data; so has the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. in Washington. Nobody wants failures and even local groups strive to prevent them.

NOT long ago the Chamber of Commerce of a large western state was earnestly soliciting restaurant owners in the East to come West and start business. A survey showed that at least 20,000 small restaurants were needed to supply the needs of a growing population. One self-appraisal by a southwestern city showed the immediate need of five supermarkets and further revealed that there were in operation 50 more gasoline stations and eight more radio shops than the community could properly support.

Statistics make possible extensive and revelatory prognostications on

future business trends. Big corporations have huge staffs of researchers constantly compiling such data on which are based the multi-million dollar decisions of responsible management. But data equally accurate and equally revealing are available to the little man, too. For example, people live longer than they used to (by 1960, 10 per cent of our population will be over 65) which would seem to handicap the undertaking business. Perhaps it will in some areas. But people also live more providently. More of them can afford to spend their declining years in such salubrious climates as are found in southern California and Florida. So in those areas undertaking will be a thriving business in the years to come.

The fact that women live an average of five years longer than men and are steadily gaining (largely because men burn up their physical energy earning a living) is more than ethnologically significant. It means profits for those apple-smart businessmen who cater to the requirements of older women.

The figures reveal more than this. With them, a man who wants to open a drug store, a haberdashery or a restaurant can analyze his prospects with very little trouble. He can find how many such establishments already exist for each 10,000 people in any state. He can find the per capita wealth of any area. He can get reports on spending habits. He can trace these habits through depression and boom. Then, simply by applying pencil to paper, he can work out his mathematical chances for success anywhere in the country. It's as easy as that.

To the average man the mathematics are highly important but they don't tell the whole story. The main factors are the brains, personality and energy of the individual. If he's got enough of them he's in; if not, he's out.

Most people have the brains; they merely aren't trained to use them. Energy is largely a matter of ambition. Those who really want to get

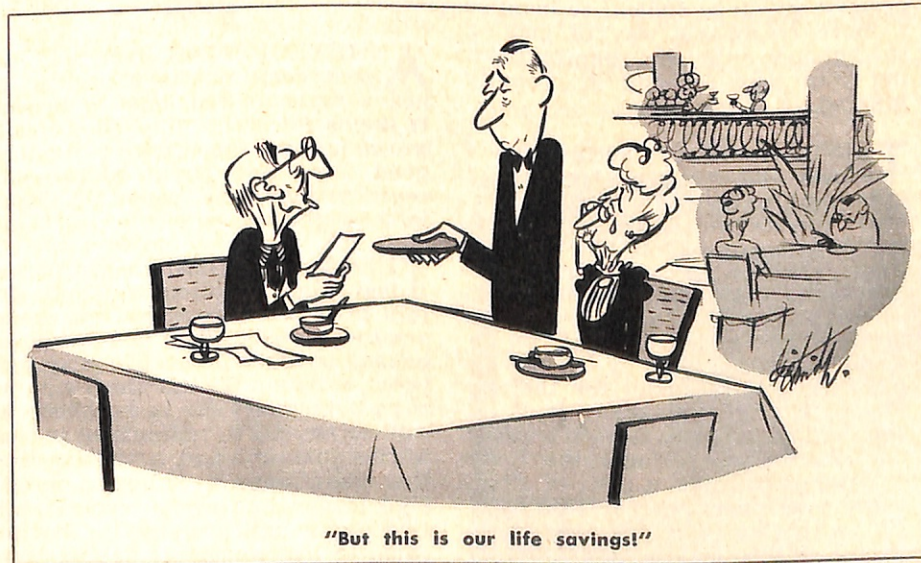
some place usually summon up the strength. Even personality can be developed if there's a will. One sourpuss storekeeper whose customers tolerated his temperament during war shortages recently found himself nearly bankrupt. He consulted his lawyer, a man of unusual perception. "Unless you like people," he was told bluntly, "they won't like you or trade with you. Get out and meet people. Most of them are fun."

Spurred by the prospect of failure the storekeeper joined a service club, a lodge and a neighborhood church. He put a smile on his face and kept it there. He purposely went out of his way to do a favor for at least three people a day. It was tough going at first but the customers began dribbling back. Soon he found he was enjoying himself. He got a kick out of helping people. Today, his business reestablished, both his soul and his bank account are flourishing.

Recently the president of a major corporation who came up the hard way succinctly summed up the problems of modern business success. "The building-a-better-mousetrap age has passed," he said. "Competition is so keen today everybody builds a better mousetrap. The problem is to sell them. The key to success and the man greatest in demand—whether it's in General Motors, General Electric or the General Shoeshine Parlor—is the merchandiser. It is the merchandiser who makes possible mass production of good products. By creating demand he lowers prices. Big or small, whether it's shoe laces, soda pop or stratoliners, it's the merchandiser who does the business."

A successful small business isn't easily established, as the books indicate. But it's far from impossible and the right man in the right business in the right location can't fail.

And now, can I interest you in a pop corn and fruit juice stand with profits of 350 per cent? You'll double your money in two weeks—I guarantee it. As for me, I'll stick to guinea pigs. I know what they can do.



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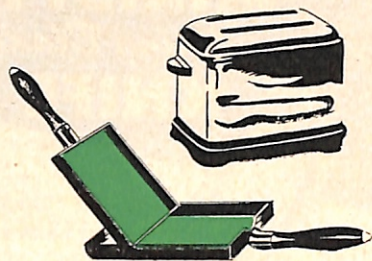
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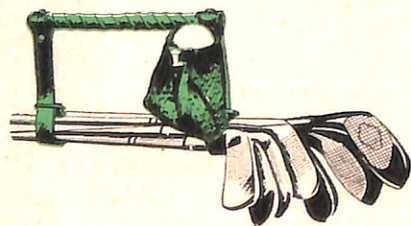
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Gadgets and Gimmicks



IF YOU have ever had the urge to fix a hamburger late at night and have been discouraged by the thought of wrestling with frying pans and such, you are only human. So, for humans, a more ingenious way of toasting hot dogs or hamburgers has been developed. It consists of a miniature griddle made of cast aluminum which, when filled and properly closed, can be pushed down into your electric pop-up toaster. Naturally, you have an automatic toaster, so you can easily guess what happens next. When the hamburger or hot dog is toasted to a turn the pop-up pops up and there you are. It can be used for any number of snack items. Meat or other toastable food is placed in the smaller of the two sections and then the larger section is fitted into place, enclosing the hamburger-to-be. (Onions can also be enclosed with the hamburger.) The two fitted pans are held by their heat-resistant handles and placed in the toaster slot. Since the pans are locked together no juices escape and you get the effect of using a fireless cooker.



IT IS possible that supercilious caddies have discouraged more aspiring golfers than any sand trap. With audible, knowing sighs caddies can unstring even the most well adjusted putter, but there is no reason to put up with such a handicap any longer. Here is the answer. Instead of stuffing your badgering caddy down the ninth hole, get one of these golf club carriers that eliminates the dragging weight of the normal golf bag. Six to eight clubs can be carried with this device that consists of a handle from which are suspended two leather strap loops. Parallel to the handle is a round metal bar, connecting the strap buckles, which loosens the leather loops when it is lifted. This permits easy removal of the desired

club and replacement of same. To tighten the loops, merely let go of the metal bar and lift the regular handle. The weight of the clubs in the carrier keeps the two loops tight so there is not the slightest sliding or rattling while you push par around the course. An attached leather ball and tee bag completes the setup, which is reasonably priced and will undoubtedly pay for itself quickly in reduced caddy costs.



THIS summer you can take to the boats with very little cost—thanks to a new, inflatable plastic boat that will be seen bobbing about on the nation's beaches, lakes and rivers this summer. When inflated, the larger of the two boat models can comfortably seat two adults and two children. The boats have divided air chambers for safety and the plastic sheeting is resistant to oils, greases, temperature changes and abrasions and can be kept clean easily with only soap and water. When deflated, the boat fits into a small corner of an automobile luggage compartment or occupies only part of the space in an overnight bag. The large boat (72 inches from stem to stern) weighs only five pounds when inflated; the smaller one (56 inches) weighs only two pounds. The boats should be of great use for hunters or fishermen on camping trips involving overland portages. It can be used as an extra dinghy on power boats and has been successfully used as an aquaplane behind a power boat. It is difficult to imagine a more reasonable way of making the summer enjoyable than by boating your way through it, properly inflated, of course.

THINGS are always getting out of whack and requiring tools to fix them plus, of course, someone to operate the tools. Husbands are supposed to operate tools but so often they rush for the screwdriver, locate it after a frantic two-hour search and approach the loose screw with misplaced confidence. The screwdriver, their only one by the way, is too large or too small for the size screw they must tackle. It is, at best, difficult enough to keep track of one screwdriver around the home without corralling a set of tools every time a chore springs into sight. But with this ingenious new screwdriver all worries are over. Similar

to the old Chinese trick of a box inside a box inside a box, inside an etc., this screwdriver contains four different size screwdrivers, each one nested in the handle of the next larger one. They all, when assembled, pop neatly into place and become one large screwdriver. Sounds a trifle weird, but it works.



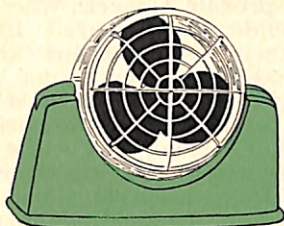
IN THE constant battle between wary fish and persevering fishermen there are moments when the fisherman has reason to hope that things will get better for him. When persevering fishermen read this item they can experience one of those rare moments of hope and renewed enthusiasm. Here is a new and cunning lure that should keep creels crammed for you. It looks exactly like a live frog and, when at rest, floats with its eyes just above the surface. It has a cleverly designed plastic lip built into its mouth in such a way that the frog dives a foot or two under water when the fisherman starts to retrieve it. When being reeled in, the frog swims under water and wiggles in a realistic fashion—even the feet wiggle individually. The lure has a soft pliable body and looks so much like a live frog that only a blind bass would miss it. The lure weighs five-eighths of an ounce, casts like a tournament plug, runs at mid-depth and has two weedless hooks. It comes packaged in a transparent individual plastic container that every fisherman will want to keep for his tackle box.



AN INTERESTING item that has just come out is a necktie of heavy rayon in red, blue or brown. It seems it carries tiny elk's heads woven into the fabric with restrained good taste, and ought to prove a conversation piece when displayed in the right places.

THERE was a time when a fisherman could, without qualms, dig into a river bank, extract a worm and catch a fish. That man, whoever he may be and wherever he may fish, is out of date. We have now entered the plastic worm era and we may as well adjust to it. Here are plastic worms guaranteed to, in the words of the manufacturer, "remain on the hook longer than any live worm while trolling or still fishing, to be the equal of live worms as fishing bait;

to be highly attractive to fish and in many ways to be even more satisfactory than any live worm." The plastic worm looks like any real worm but, unlike a natural worm, does not get soggy with continued use and can be used over and over again until swallowed by some near-sighted fish.



IT IS not likely that you will have a completely air-conditioned summer. Few of us do and when you are traveling to business meetings, conventions or vacation spots, long hot nights can spoil the anticipated fun ahead. For all summer travelers then, of whatever latitude, here is a blessing in the form of a small electric fan that can fit snugly into a suitcase and be hauled out at the slightest rise in temperature to be plugged in to cool you off. It takes only ten inches of space in a Gladstone, weighs only three pounds, yet provides a steady stream of moving air comparable to that stirred up by a large table-model fan.

RATHER than continuing to polish door handles, candlesticks, metal plates, bumpers, hubcaps, door knockers and the like, why not get this new protective spray that coats metal, wood, paper and canvas items with a clear glossy finish that increases the life of things and keeps them looking like new? The spray is applied by pressing the top of a handy container. The new spray makes any number of materials resistant to water, oil, grease, alcohol, alkalis and other corrosive elements.



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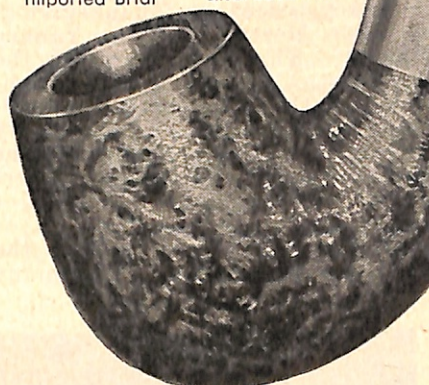
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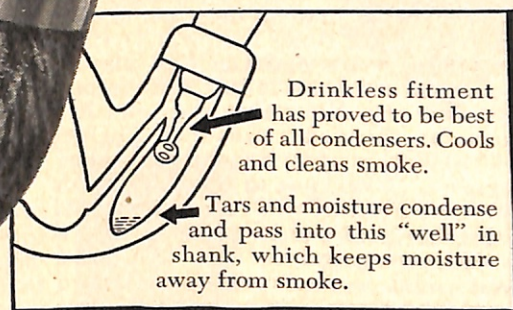
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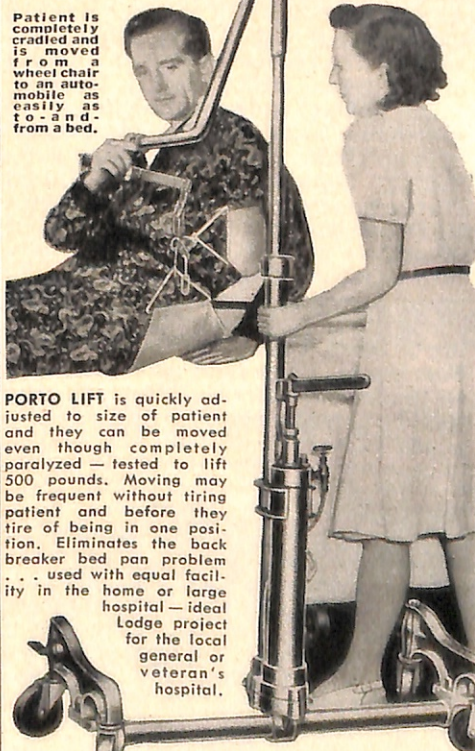
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The Town All Firemen Love

(Continued from page 11)

are thoroughly familiar with their requirements and importance. Indoctrination now has begun on the second generation. When the parents cooperate, say insurance experts, the chances of home fires are virtually nil.

Nil is pretty small but in Lakewood it is practically a fact. While the national fire rate mounts alarmingly Lakewood has dropped steadily from 5.91 fires per 1,000 of population in 1925 and 3.67 per 1,000 in 1935 to 2.53 per 1,000 in 1947. This record is so astonishing some fire underwriters refuse to believe it. Less than three fires a year for each thousand people is as unlikely as a Fourth of July weekend without accidents. Other cities of Lakewood's size have 25 and 30 fires per 1,000, more than ten times Lakewood's rate.

A few years ago the city almost set a record that might have stood forever. By November the total fire loss for the year was only \$30,000 (\$500,000 is not exceptional elsewhere). Everyone in the town from the mayor down was anxiously waiting for year's-end, praying there would be no major fire. All went well and it seemed certain the record would be made when a \$90,000 fire broke out. The town was heart-broken.

Lakewood proudly displays the evidence that it is an object of special affection of the National Safety Council, a group dedicated to the principle that most cut fingers, broken necks and auto smashups are unnecessary and therefore—and this seems logical—should not happen. At the city limits a marker advises visitors that this enterprising community has received the First Award in the Ohio Traffic Safety Contest.

But what endears Lakewood to sportsmen is neither fire nor safety. It is softball. The snowballing softballing population of the United States has reached astonishing proportions—there are hundreds of thousands of softballers, all wildly enthusiastic—many of them so devoted they are slightly patronizing about big-league baseball, considering it more a spectacle than a sport. For years Lakewood has been the softballer's Mecca. During the world's championships held there five years in a row softball was played unceasingly in the city by 16 men's and 16 girls' teams from U. S., Canada, Puerto Rico and Mexico, from nine in the morning until midnight—a straight fifteen-hour day. For these games up to 8,000 cheering partisans gathered to watch the contests at magnificent, \$60,000 Elks Field. At this field, which was sparked by jeweler Jack O'Malia and his associates, was played the first night softball in the country.

In addition to championship matches which continue for ten days,

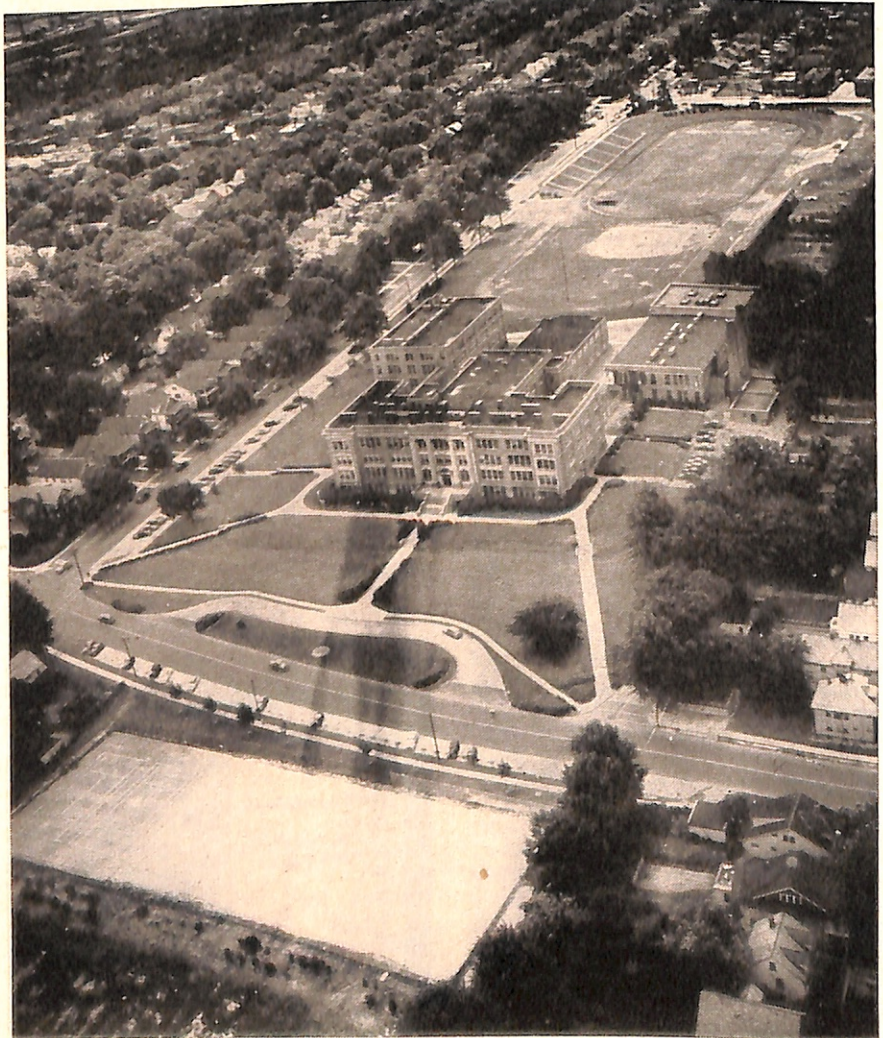
Lakewood developed a city-wide softball program supervised by Charles A. Foster, a Lakewoodian who is also vice-president of the Amateur Softball Association of America. In fact, he is Mr. Softball. This summer Lakewood has 94 teams madly playing softball—60 teams of slow pitchers and 34 of fast. It is the only organized big city in the country.

The city of Lakewood stems from hardy but little known stock. Among the more glamorized of U. S. citizens have been our pioneers. Fabled in song and story have been the settlers of New England, who gave the world a turkey-bedecked Thanksgiving, the Town Meeting and the Yankee Clippers. The conquerors of the Northwest, California's Gold Rushing '49ers, the Oklahoma homesteaders and the endless and inevitably Commanche-surrounded wagon trains heading toward the western desert are all immortalized in celluloid—usually several times a year.

But the men who opened up the Midwest, that territory worth many

times all the gold in California, the poets have largely ignored. They were the prosaic pioneers who tackled a wilderness, cleared it and planted their crops without fanfare, not to make history, but to eat. They were extraordinary people with a fabulous capacity for hard work and hard liquor, usually of their own crude distillation. Their efforts to conquer this concoction alone is an epic story of survival against apparently overwhelming odds.

Typical of these energetic and engaging adventurers were the early settlers of Lakewood, a community that appeared to some of them to have a notable destiny. Lakewood borders the 3,500,000-acre tract of Western Reserve lands granted Connecticut by Royal Charter when that colony was founded. What is now Lakewood, however, by treaty belonged to the Indians. But the aggressive Connecticut Land Company, one of the biggest real estate operators in history, bought the Lakewood and adjacent areas in a deal like the purchase of Manhattan Island. Fi-



Air view of the handsomely equipped Lakewood High School.

nally a small syndicate bought the territory from the Connecticut Company in 1807 for \$26,087.

The western boundary of Lakewood is the Rocky River, a sometimes turbulent stream, which played a major part in the community's development. At first though, it seemed likely to prove a considerable handicap. Driven ashore at its mouth by a sudden Lake Erie storm, five people clung to the wall-like rock banks of the river for three days till the storm abated. Four of them perished.

This was one of several disasters that built up an ominous background for Philo Taylor's Curse of Rocky River. Taylor arrived with his family and made a nothing-down verbal agreement to buy a river-edge homestead in what is now Lakewood. Energetic, he built a cabin, worked for a year clearing the nearby forest for his crops, but when he tried to make the agreed payment for the property, he was told the deal was off. The area was reserved for a town-site, the promoters told him. A great new metropolis would grow where the river and the lake met. Because a sandbar blocked the Cuyahoga River where Cleveland was being built, the new site, named Granger City, would soon surpass it.

Taylor made a public curse, a portentous event in those imaginative days, and moved away. Soon thereafter the son and daughter of a Granger City promoter were burned to death, the man who moved into Taylor's cabin died, a sawmill—a highly important factor in a pioneer development—was washed away in a river flood. Rebuilt, it burned within a year. Then the worst blow struck. The federal government established a military post at Cleveland and removed the sandbar. That doomed the Granger City enterprise.

But though the commercial outlook was dim, hardy settlers still kept coming from the East. One of these was James Nicholson. At 20 he walked from Connecticut to Lakewood carrying everything he possessed on his back. Such an exploit today would land a youngster on the radio and in the newsreels. Another pioneer, Henry Alger, walked more than ten miles to work and labored days to earn a sack of flour or a bag of salt, then lifted it up on his shoulder and walked back home. He worked dawn to dusk on his homestead two years before he had money enough to buy a cow on the installment plan; it was five years before he was able to buy a team of horses. His first luxury purchase—after three years of work—was a dinner pot used for churning butter and cooking. Before that investment the only kitchen utensil in his cabin was a broken tea kettle!

Many years later Alger recalled these days of his youth and expressed contempt for the soft living that was then—1858—decaying the sturdy character of the American people. Said Alger, "Our young men thought it no hardship to shoulder a knap-

sack and start on a 500-mile journey by foot. Then our wives and daughters could spin, weave, milk, churn, cook and make hay. Now they must play the melodeon, do fine needlework, wear hoops, read novels, ride for pleasure and make social calls."

Reading Alger's comments recently a young Lakewood matron said, indignantly, "Things must have been pretty soft in Lakewood a century ago. There aren't many wives playing the melodeon, reading novels and doing fine needlework here today".

AFTER years without a name, except the abortive Granger City, the settlement's 18 families sent their men to meet in Wrights Tavern and adopted the name Rockport. In those days instead of using a gavel at such meetings they used a jug of whiskey. Whenever argument at a meeting got too spirited the chairman would suggest another drink, halting the liveliest debate without delay or dissent. In such an atmosphere at this meeting the town adopted its form of government and elected officials including judges, trustees, overseers of the poor, clerk, lister and fence viewer, an organization that endured successfully for 70 years.

But Lakewood's development was given its most charming impetus by the Rocky River Railroad, operating from Cleveland to a popular picnic spot on the banks of the Rocky River. The train, called the Dummy, consisted of a combination coach and baggage car and a tiny, high, smokestacked, wheezing-puffing, wood-burning locomotive that also ran on cornstalks. A whole generation of Lakewoodians grew up in affection and dependence on the Dummy. It chugged straight through the town on a schedule altered by the conductor to suit the convenience of the pupils of the local dancing school, a wedding party or even an ordinary passenger. If anyone on the train became thirsty the engineer stopped it while he refreshed himself at a spring. If hungry, passengers could and did pick fruit in season from orchards and vineyards lining the tracks.

When the Nickel Plate took over the Dummy, its identity became lost in a welter of big-business efficiency. By then almost 1,000 people lived in Lakewood, (the total after 70 years) some of whom—regarded as unsound—commuted all the way to Cleveland. In 1885 some esthetic citizens petitioned to change the name from Rockport and East Rockport to Lakewood, a happy choice that seems likely to endure.

Lakewood's first citizen doubtless still is Jared P. Kirtland, a doctor of medicine and naturalist, who moved there 110 years ago, bought 200 acres and proceeded to develop a horticultural garden where his experiments rivaled those of his successor, Luther Burbank. Kirtland developed more than two dozen varieties of cherries and a half-dozen of

(Continued on page 46)

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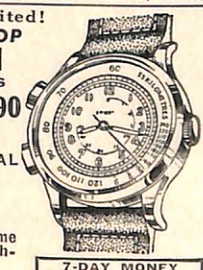
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pears and is credited with discovering that the district was excellently adapted to grape growing. His reputation as a naturalist was world-wide. A Cleveland visitor visiting the British Museum was asked by the director if by chance he knew his distinguished countryman, Professor Kirtland. "I am from the same county", he said. Enthusiastic, the director showed him cases of mounted fish, bird and insect specimens. "These," he said, "are the best we have ever received from any country. They are from your Professor Kirtland."

Kirtland's standing in this pious community was such he was even permitted to work on Sunday. When he imported several hives of Italian bees for experimental work they inconveniently swarmed over a weekend. Kirtland hung a sign on his gate saying, in effect, "Man at Work. Don't Disturb." When the townspeople saw it en route to church they were shocked. Such an offense merited excommunication. But the elders recognized that the great may be eccentric; his action wasn't even protested.

Obviously in such a vigorous community a few people fret over the city's inability to expand. Most up-and-coming towns would consider such a condition a major civic dis-

grace but Lakewood seems largely untroubled, probably because on very short notice it could grow to fifteen times its size. In fact for forty years it has been fighting not to. Since 1910 Cleveland has been enticing Lakewood to join it.

Lakewood is a part of Cleveland in everything but government. It uses Cleveland's utilities—though paying less for Cleveland water than do citizens of Cleveland—it belongs to the same Community Fund, enjoys the same telephone and utility rates, the streets join, with no noticeable break, and most of its people work in Cleveland. Ask a Lakewoodian where he lives and nine times out of ten he'll say Cleveland. Nevertheless, Lakewood has resisted every blandishment of its larger, prospering sister. Once Clevelanders truculently threatened a slow-down of street car service. Mayor Edward A. Wiegand dared them to try.

Lakewood's independent spirit doubtless will persist. It is a good thing. It is a rare city with a unique heritage. And its homes, its parks and playgrounds, its fine schools and tree-lined, restful streets, make it a good place for children to grow up in. It matters little that they will mostly want to be firemen and softball players. Coming from Lakewood, they'll be the best there are.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 15)

Put yourself in the dog's position—you are in a strange place which is noisy and full of excitement. A person completely alien to you comes along, rumples your hair, twists your ears, thumps your back. Would you resent it? I know darned well I would.

If you must handle a strange dog, and sometimes the impulse is irresistible, take a tip from the dog-show judges, many of whom handle hundreds of dogs that they have never seen before, and yet are seldom bitten. Bear in mind that these judges are expected to examine a dog far more thoroughly than is the casual stranger who is moved merely to pet a dog. Not only does the judge have to examine the dog for soundness of bone structure, but has to give particular attention to the structure of the dog's mouth and the arrangement of its teeth. The first thing to do in getting acquainted with a strange dog is to present the back of your hand, fist closed, to the dog's nose, so that he may smell it. This is the dog's way of getting to know you. To the dog, his sense of scent is his most important faculty. The reason for the closed fist is that should the dog decide to dislike you, and try to bite, he cannot lacerate your hand, fist closed, as well as he could if it were held open, and of course, he could not get a punishing grip on it.

Again, in the matter of scent, many dogs intensely dislike such

odors as tobacco, alcohol, perfume, etc. It is perhaps this keenness of scent that makes most dogs wary of people who are intoxicated, insane or violently excited. At such times, the human body does emit a distinctive odor quickly perceived by the dog, which warns the animal that that individual is, for the time being, not normal and, therefore, an object of suspicion and fear to the dog.

BECAUSE dogs have lived with men for so many thousands of years, we are prone to take them for granted and to forget that underneath the best-mannered pooch there still lurks the primitive animal whose first thought of defense is attack. Now, when extending your fist toward the dog, don't make the movement quickly—in fact, don't make any sudden, violent movement.

I cannot too strongly emphasize the rule never to approach a strange dog from the rear. Always let the dog see you and examine you first. When you do extend your hand, watch the animal closely. If he growls, but wags his tail, he is very likely thinking things over about you. If he makes no move other than to pin his ears back, *leave that dog alone*. And this goes even if he doesn't growl. But if he licks your hand, whether his tail wags or not, and the wagging tail does have some significance, you're in with that pup. He's your friend and that is his way of letting you know it. But until

you get better acquainted with the dog, don't pull any rough stuff on him.

To the credit of the dog, it seldom happens, but occasionally a really bad-tempered dog will go on the loose and may even initiate an attack. It may be a dog that might tolerate many people but, for his own good reason, may take a violent dislike to you. After all, it isn't every stranger who is dear to us. You have perhaps heard someone at some time or other sound off with, "I can handle any dog." If that individual follows the precepts laid down in this essay, it is possible that he or she can safely handle most dogs. But if that person doesn't approach a strange dog properly, it's better than eight-to-five that some Fido, some day, somewhere, will give that person a rude surprise. Now if, at any time, you may encounter a dog that threatens to attack you and you can't quickly reach safety, then the only thing to do is to remain perfectly still. Don't

move; talk to the dog firmly and quietly and try to keep fear out of your voice. When talking, don't use any inane baby-talk blandishments. That won't kid the dog. The reason for keeping fear out of your voice is that fear is quickly detected by the dog, and once the animal knows you're afraid, he becomes master of the situation. This is apt to make him even more bold.

The best rule of all, of course, is to leave strange dogs strictly alone when they are on the loose. The dog accompanied by its master is under some degree of control, but even then, if it is your first meeting with the dog, you'll find it safer to observe the precautions I have outlined here.

Bear in mind, all dogs are not gentle noblemen as was the dog Faust, although it is my hope that all dogs you may encounter in the future will be as gentle and fine as that dog Faust, so ably described by the "Eugene Elklet".

In This Corner

(Continued from page 5)

tell you was that when you throw a wide left hook, you ought to know where it's goin'. Otherwise a smart guy'll throw a short right hand inside the hook and knock your brains out. You don't mind me telling you that?"

"I don't mind," I said. I kept wondering why this guy should bother with me. "Thanks for workin' in my corner, anyhow," I said. His name hadn't meant anything to me.

"Pete," he told me the second time. "Pete Roscoe. I used to handle Willy Delaney."

"Who?"
He stared at me. "Willy Delaney," he said, "the lightweight champ." Like I'd said I hadn't heard of Leonard, maybe.

"Sure," I said, "Willy Delaney. O' course."

I didn't know much about fighters then. All I knew was if you won the Golden Gloves you got a free trip to Chicago, all expenses paid, and you got your picture in the papers, especially the paper that ran the Golden Gloves. But I'd heard of Willy Delaney.

"Willy got killed in the war," Pete said.

I said it was too bad. Something like that I said.

"You got no idea how bad it is, Sonny." Hell, he wasn't old, calling me 'Sonny'; about thirty-eight or so, but his eyes were filmy like, and you could smell the rum on his breath. Don't strike a match too close to this guy, I thought, but still, it's nice to have somebody on your side. "You're bigger'n Willy was when he started out," Pete said, "and you're a harder puncher. You mind if I walk you to the subway?"

I said I didn't mind! Why should I mind? That was about two years ago. . . .

And it was about five seconds ago the Sugarboy teed off and dumped me on the deck. I mean, it didn't make sense.

Artie Burns, the referee, yelled, "Six!"

There you are, six seconds. Just shows you how fast things can gallop through your head. Well, here I come, Artie. I got up, and Artie rubbed the resin off my gloves. He held my two gloves in his hands, then rubbed them on his shirt. I can hear the place going crazy because the Sugarboy dumped me, the puncher, when it should have been the other way around.

So I hit the floor? So what? I'll murder him, I thought. I could see him coming at me, tugging at his white tights, trying to be calm and careful, measuring me. "Careful, Sugar!" they are yelling from his corner, because they know that I can knock their boy clear through the Garden walls if I connect. Like Vince says—what's the use of being fancy when you can do it with one punch?

The bell rang then. Dooley grabbed and shoved me on to the stool. Vince said, "You all right, kid?"

"I'm fine," I said.

But maybe Dooley didn't believe me. He shoved the salts under my nose. Strong stuff that makes you cough and gag. He held it there long enough to make me choke. I shoved him away.

"Easy," I said. "Get that stuff out of my face!" Too much of it spins your brains around in your skull, and then the fumes come up and get in your eyes. We hear the warning buzzer. Dooley, with his big hands, rubs my back. "Go get 'im now," Dooley says.

"He's all yours," Vince says. "Just

(Continued on page 48)

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a couple of left hooks'll do it."

So I run out there like the Bronx Express and heave a right into Sugarboy's ribs so hard his mouth-piece pops from his face. He grabs me, holding on. I tug at him and break away. I'm sore because he doesn't want to fight my kind of a fight. He wants to hold and dance. He wants to stick me all night with that long left jab. He wants to play *Patty-cake, Patty-cake, Baker's Man*. That kind of thing. He's that kind of a fighter, I suppose, and just can't help it. But it must have been an accident that he dumped me on the floor. Now I can hear the crowd again. They're yelling, "C'mon, O'Leary!" So I walk back into the Sugarboy and drill his body full of holes. This he doesn't like. He wants to be a cutie all the time. Except that when I catch him in a corner, he doesn't dance the right way. He out-cutes himself. He jigs right into a left hook—boom! He hits the floor, his legs up over his head, and it's Artie shouting into the Sugarboy's ear this time, instead of in mine. "Three!" says Artie, and that's much better. It's like Vince has been telling me for months: a puncher doesn't have to be fancy. And I guess you've got to hand it to Vince. He knows the answers. He knows his way around. I walked to a neutral corner and I thought of Pete. I looked down to where he was sitting. "Well, how's that, Pete?" I felt like saying. "That's the O'Leary System you just saw. You think it's good enough?"

Meanwhile, the Sugarboy, the champ, is sitting square on his pants. Really, in a way, it made me feel sorry for Pete. . . .

SOMETIMES, believe me, I would get tired of hearing him say, "Willy Delaney did it this way," or "Willy Delaney did it that way." A nice fellow, Pete. Don't misunderstand me, please. Just small time. Just too careful. And too much Willy Delaney.

"Look," I said, when he introduced me to Mary the first time, "does her name *have* to be Delaney?" I was kidding when I said it, because that was almost two years ago.

"Well, she's his sister," Pete said, "so it oughter be legitimate. She happens to be the prettiest Delaney."

And you couldn't argue about that. Mary was about nineteen, and I'm no good at describing women. She was kind of tall for a girl, about a half-inch shorter than me. She had long dark hair that she fixed in some very nice way. And she had eyes like soft church music. This was all the Delaney I wanted.

"Hello," Mary said. "Pete's told us all about you, Davie. It's nice you could come."

I didn't say anything. I clammed up. What's the use of details? This wasn't the only night I saw her. Love is a great thing, like they say. It hits you with a baseball bat or it floats you off in a cloud of lilacs. Everything happened to me. It was a party in Staten Island, where all Pete's rela-

tives live, and where Willy Delaney lived.

"Show them the Golden Gloves you won," Pete said.

Made me feel like a jerk, kind of, but you could see that he was proud. A great guy for his friends and relatives, Pete always was, especially if they didn't hide the liquor. His Cousin Edgar was in the poultry business. A nice guy, Edgar, with a big house and a bigger belly. Owned half the chickens and ducks on Staten Island, people said.

"Frankly, kid," Edgar told me once, "the best Long Island duck you ever ate ain't nothin' but a Staten Island duck what's been for a ferry-boat ride."

OF COURSE, I wouldn't know about that now. It's the fourth round coming up. Dooley drowned me with so much water between the rounds he must think I belong to Pete's Cousin Edgar. I never knew Dooley to be so clumsy with his hands.

"Keep crowdin' the guy," Vince said. "Wear the bum down."

The bell again. I wonder if it's fair to call the Sugarboy a bum. After all he's been the champ for seven years, and how he recovered from that left hook I hit him with two rounds ago, is something I don't know.

"Take a punch, to land a punch," Vince said.

Well, I just took three of them. That fair enough? Right in the mouth, his left hand pumping into me, one, two, three, like that. I can't get the range on the guy. Maybe it's like Vince says, that I can knock him dead, but first I have to connect.

Vince didn't mention how to handle that. Just stand still, Sugarboy. Just stand there like a punching bag for me. I've got a terrific reputation, really, and you should be stretched out in the morgue right now.

"O'Leary, you're a bum!"

"O'Leary, ya stink!"

That's the thanks you get for trying hard, I thought. But I'd catch this guy, all right. One trouble is that I can't see so well. There's a cut above my right eye and the blood drips down. Not very much, but enough to mess things up.

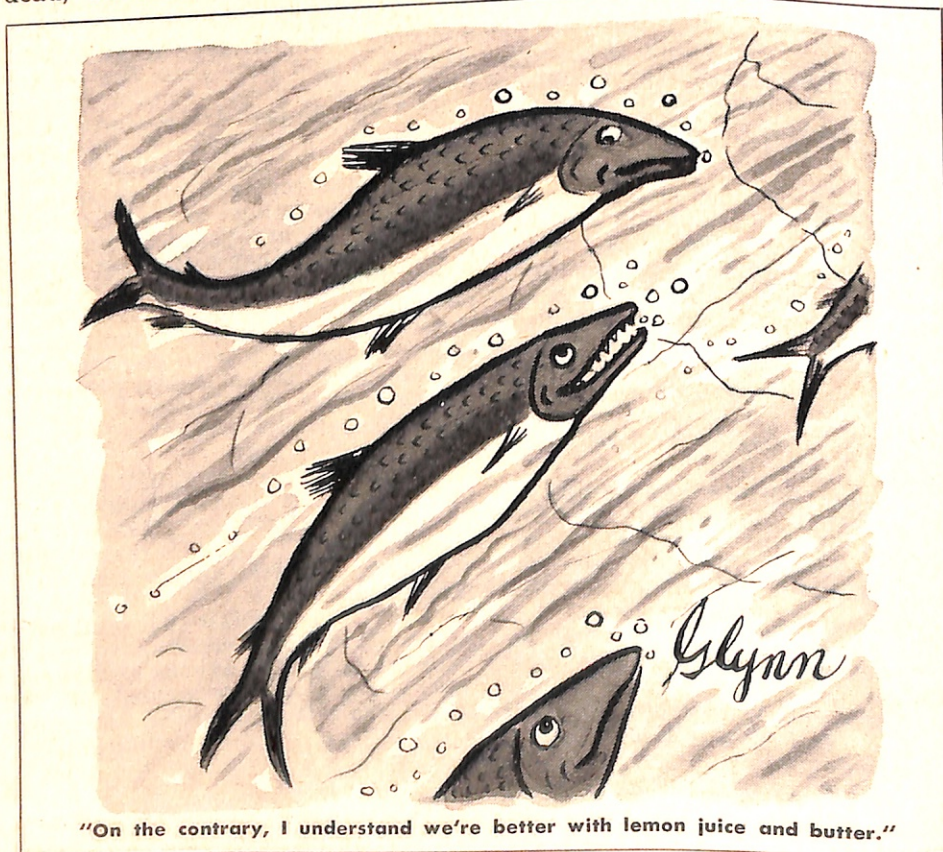
This time I catch the Sugarboy. On the ropes. Because you'll never catch the guy when he is dancing free. I hit him a right to the head and a left to the body. I knew he was hurt because he was holding on with both hands, trying to tie me into a knot. Artie Burns comes over and breaks the clinch. Then it's that left hand again. It's *in there, in there, in there, in there.*

"Slip under the punches, Davie! Under them, boy!" I hear somebody yell.

It's Pete, from the press row closest to the ring. I'd know his voice any place, any time. But why should I listen to Pete? He's small time, isn't he? He never got me a main event in the Garden. Well, did he? All Pete had to offer were memories of Willy Delaney, and I got tired of Willy Delaney.

But I'm also tired of getting hit. The floor comes up and slaps me nicely on the back. Another surprise. The Sugarboy is only supposed to throw the granulated kind. But now he's tossing it in lumps, and even in ten-pound sacks.

"Two!" Artie says.



"On the contrary, I understand we're better with lemon juice and butter."

But maybe I don't care any more. It's nice on the floor. It's comfortable, I mean it. Nobody peeling your skin off with his gloves. After you get hit enough, the floor seems just like bed. You can lie there, flat on your back, and in a goofy kind of way—well, even think things over.

"Four!" Artie says.

Where's Vince? Why is it I can't hear Vince when I'm most in need of advice? I flop around on my belly. Oh, I'm gonna get up all right; I'm not that much of a bum. I look to the corner, but everything's foggy. I can't see Vince. I can't see Dooley. Can't even hear the guys. All I can hear is the howl of the mob. It's me they want to see murdered now. Only Pete I can hear, talking softly to me, saying something, but it doesn't make any sense. Nothing's clear at all. Just Pete's voice, going on. . . . Where are you, Pete?

Six!" says Artie.

And it's tough. It's very tough. . . .

ABOUT Pete, though. It's true, just like Vince says, that Pete unloaded me for twenty thousand bucks. So it stands to reason that he never thought too much of me. About seven months ago, I fought some guy in Holyoke, Mass. A nobody by the name of Homicide Harvey Schultz. It's a hayride, strictly, and I stiffen Homicide Harvey the first good punch I hit him in the sixth round. What annoyed me most, and maybe got me sore at Pete, was that the first five rounds he has me playing a kind of squat-tag with the guy. I've got to move this way and that way, just like Willy Delaney. I've got to experiment. I've got to play this game to please my manager, while the customers fall asleep. In the sixth round Pete finally let me take off the wraps.

It's a crumby little dressing room, about the size of two large phone booths, and after the fight Pete is counting our end of the dough, three hundred and seven dollars and fifteen cents. We'd expected to get at least two hundred more. But Pete just shrugged. He folded the cash and put it away. He seemed to be talking to himself.

"A damned good thing," he said, "that I haven't got expensive tastes."

"Well, I've got them," I reminded him. I looked around the tiny dressing room, at the cold-water shower, at the plaster coming down from the ceiling. "I'm sick of fightin' for peanuts in these dumps. Other guys can get in the Garden."

"Can they, Davie?" That's all he said for a while. We'd been over this before. It wasn't new. I'd tried to talk to him coming up to Holyoke on the train. "Maybe you'd like to fight Sugarboy Bailey," he said finally.

"Why not?" I said.

"At your stage o' development?" The same old double-talk.

"Maybe you couldn't use that kind of dough," I said.

"Couldn't I?" I don't think he was drunk, but he'd been on the stuff again. He was sort of mumbling to

himself and counting on his fingers. "Couldn't I use it, Davie?" He seemed to think it was some kind of joke. "Well, suppose I told you I was offered twenty grand for your contract?"

"How much?"

He repeated the figure. It had kind of a holy sound, the way he said it, "Twenty grand." He scratched himself and looked at me. "Buy me lots of booze, wouldn't it, Davie?" He was a weird guy, sometimes, Pete.

"Who offered that kind of dough?"

"Vince Gillette," he said, "the smartest guy in the racket. He'd put you in the Garden, Davie. I remember once he offered me the same kind of dough for Willy Delaney."

"The hell with Willy Delaney!" I said.

It was not the right thing to say. The words sort of hung in the air, but you couldn't take them back. I saw Pete's face. Maybe it was jealousy made me say what I said. I mean—well, after all, who wants to be a stand-in for a ghost? But all he did was stand there, looking at me.

"Look, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean it the way you think. You know how it is with Mary and me, so why should I knock her brother? It's just that I'm tired of not making any dough. You understand?"

"I think so," he said. "I think I do, Davie."

"And I want to fight my own style, Pete. It's important to me. I'm a puncher—can't you see? I'm not a Fancy Dan. I'm me; I'm Davie O'Leary. I want to make a million bucks."

"Okay, Davie, okay." He took a belt of the bottle. He didn't talk to me again that night. Like I said before, he just kept talking to himself, and the next day he sold my contract to Vince Gillette.

I saw Mary once after that, but it wasn't the same. I saw her for maybe five, ten minutes, and we ended up in a brawl. The tears department. All that sort of stuff. She says that I ran out on Pete. I ran out, mind you.

Well, how do you like that?

WHAT round is it now? The seventh? The eighth? It seems like Sugarboy's been belting me around since 1942. After a while you get soggy with the punches and they don't seem to hurt as much. And I can see out of my left eye, anyhow. The Sugarboy must be in shape, all right. He's moving around. He's punching with both hands. I'm worried about the left eye, though. That's all he's got to do—close that one up. But I can see him. He fetches with that long left, but I am in a crouch now. At least I take them on top of the skull instead of in the puss. He throws that handful of rocks with his right, but I can spot it coming in. I let it ride over my shoulder by moving my head a little bit. I throw a left hook into his belly, the first good punch I've landed in the last five rounds. He grabs and holds. We fight along the ropes,

(Continued on page 50)

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then break apart. I block his next three jabs.

"Keep rushin' 'im, Davie! Bang 'im, Davie!"

That's Vince I hear, but I say to myself the hell with rushing him. I try to figure things out. I try to hear what Pete is saying, but the noise is so big all around that you can't hear anything much. I go back to my corner at the bell. I don't have to sit down, because Dooley almost knocks me down.

Vince shouts at me, "Why don'tcha fight 'im the way I tell ya?"

"I was gettin' killed," I said.

"Who's the boss here—you or me?"

"Who's takin' the punches?" I asked him. "Listen, Vince, I—"

But Dooley's got those salts in my face again. I try to knock them away, but the guy is smothering me. There's nothing I can do. You know the way they sometimes rub a fighter's stomach, to help him breathe? Well, Dooley's rubbing me. In fact, he's almost killing me. From the ringside it may look as though he's only kneading me with his hands. But he's a giant, the bum, and he's wearing me down; he's almost tearing me apart. After all, whose side are they on? And now it's Vince who's got the smelling salts. But I don't need the smelling salts. I want to get up and shout this out loud, but they've pinned me there. I get another look at Vince's face, and the way he's making out to people that he's giving me fatherly advice. But Vince doesn't want me to win this fight; he wants me to lose! I can see it now, and yet there's nothing I can do. They're killing me in my own corner. But smart? Listen, I'm two-to-one in the betting, and it's clear now that Vince can make a fortune by betting on Sugarboy. I try to cry out. I want to shout, "Pete!" But Vince has my face jammed full of that stuff. He's got me half knocked out already, when he's supposed to be reviving me. I couldn't shout if I wanted to. I'm all choked up. Then the bell again, and they shove me out.

TRY to fall into a clinch to clear my head. The Sugarboy tees off on me, but I know it's not his fault. He doesn't know. I grab him, desperate. Artie Burns tries to come between us, but I still hold on. I hold till I can't hold any longer.

Now the Sugarboy is letting them go. He's throwing bombs. I stumble around, but for the first time I'm using my head. I'm like a school kid now, repeating lessons I forgot. The things we used to practice in the gym, the "Willy Delaney" kind of things that Pete once taught me. You twist and turn and fall in on a man. While the ref is breaking you apart, you step on the poor guy's toes. Not the ref's, but Sugarboy's. You make yourself soggy and loose and roll with the punches. You slip on purpose, so that you fall down, accidental like. It takes a couple of seconds to fall down, a few more to get up. Then you can stall around

while Artie wipes the resin off your gloves. That's in the rules. He's got to wipe the resin from your gloves. It all takes time. It all helps some. Then you can look at the clock, over Sugarboy's shoulder, the big clock on the mezzanine, and see that there's only a minute to go. And you hear the Sugarboy sigh deep, like maybe for the first time he is tired from throwing all those punches. You throw a few yourself. Not many. Just a few. You're saving strength, and yet you want him to respect you. The trouble is that all of a sudden you can't see again. He's hit those cuts above your eyes and the blood starts dripping down. The left eye, too. You try to paw at them with your gloves, but it's the bell that saves you; it's not anything that you can do yourself.

But nobody slammed me down on the stool this time. No heavy hands. No Dooley hands. No smelling salts. The hands were gentle.

"Just lay back," Pete said. "Lay back, Davie, kid."

His hands were fast and sure. He wiped me clean of blood. The sponge was gentle and cool. He worked on both eyes with the collodian stick, the right eye most of all. He loosed the elastic of my trunks.

"Deep breath, Davie. Slow and easy."

I sat forward, I blinked at him. His hands were too steady for him to be drunk. How did he get here? Where was Vince?

"Vince had a slight accident," he said. "Coming down the steps the beginning of the last round. Some careless usher must have greased the steps—for a cash consideration. Dooley fell on his head. Don't try to talk, kid."

The warning buzzer. Another deep breath, and another. "This isn't the Garden, Davie. This is Holyoke."

The bell.

I walked out. What could I lose? What could happen to me that hadn't happened already? Under that left lead, Davie. Remember the lesson. Under the lead and counter. Right hand—whammo! The Sugarboy kept dancing. I could see him now. Nice guy. Been champ a long time. Just a little bit too long. Can't jump around in the ninth round like a monkey on a string. He's tired as I am. Maybe more tired.

But he hit me with a right hand. A nice one, flush. The lights went out, then came back, swimming. Crouch, Davie. Bob and weave. Move into him now, one, two, then away. Remember the lessons. Remember the gym. Remember Holyoke. Sugarboy is trying too hard now. He's getting wild. That's not like Sugarboy. He was wide with a hook and I punched inside of it with a short right hand. He staggered, nearly fell. He recovered. He fenced with that long left. The grin he wore on his face was a sick one. Poor old Sugarboy.

"Now, Davie!"

I moved in, watching for the hook. He couldn't snap it any more. He

had to heave the thing. Big and wide, like a baseball bat. I crossed my right hand and watched him fall. The Sugarboy fell forward, on his face. I walked to the neutral corner, stumbling as I went. I grabbed the ropes and held on there while Artie tolled the numbers. They make a helluva noise in the Garden when a new champion is crowned.

WELL, Davie?" Pete said.

I was stretched on my stomach on a table. Much better showers here than in Holyoke, I said to Pete, and all the towels you want.

"You're a champ now," he reminded me.

"A chump," I said.

It wasn't easy to talk. The moment was awkward. There was only Pete and his fat cousin Edgar, from Staten Island. There had to be reasons for things I didn't understand. There had to be answers.

"All right," I said, "where's Vince?"

"The Polyclinic Hospital, with that ankle," said Pete. "The only trouble is he doesn't think he'll be able to pay the bill."

"He sunk all his dough on Sugarboy, didn't he, Pete?"

"That's not official. That's not a thing you can prove, kid. What do you think?"

"I don't think," I said; "I know. I'll never fight for the guy again. And you were right about Sugarboy, Pete. I wasn't ready for him, was I?"

"Not the way I wanted you to be," he said.

That's all he said. He walked away. Cousin Edgar sat there, plump and pleased.

"How's the poultry business, Edgar?" I had to say something.

"Ducky," Edgar said, because Edgar is strictly a card. "There was that blight last year, o' course, that nearly wiped 'em out."

"A blight?"

"Listen, kid; it wasn't the measles them ducks an' chickens had. If it wasn't for Pete raising me twenty grand I wouldn't be back in business today."

"Pete raised that twenty thousand for you?"

"Well, sure, kid; I thought you knew that. Didn't you? Listen, Pete's a great guy to his friends. You think he sold you to Vince Gillette so he could buy booze? Why, except for a little beer now and then, the guy's been on the wagon for six months. And with what we've got on Vince Gillette—we'll buy your contract back for a couple of ducks."

I looked at Pete. He said nothing. "He used to handle Willy Delaney," Cousin Edgar said. "You ever hear of Willy?"

"I want to hear more about him," I said. "I think I like the way he used to fight. I like the guy who taught him. And there's a Mary Delaney on Staten Island, isn't there?"

"It costs seven cents on the ferry," Cousin Edgar said. "You can come out any day."

The Circus Comes to Town

(Continued from page 7)

candy floss concessionaire, who was killed in a Texas auto accident. From the Hugo, Oklahoma, Showman's Club, circus owner Robert Stevens announces a Club donation of \$25 toward purchasing an elephant for Oklahoma City's zoo.

Through letters, printed pages and grapevine channels the avid addicts learn that the Beer-Barnes Circus, whose one elephant, Alice, is a national institution, has added an electric organ to its equipment. Similar, although more pretentious, activities have been reported from winter quarters of King Bros. Circus at Rosenberg, Texas, Dales Bros. Circus at Union, South Carolina, Bailey Bros. Circus at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Biller Brothers Circus at Mobile, Alabama, the Clyde Beatty Circus, opening the tenting season at El Monte, California, and of course Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's Combined Shows entirely revamping their seating arrangements, remodelling their menageries and preparing to pull up the big-top poles and peaks, not by human muscles and/or elephant power but by tractors and windlasses. Alas, this so highly mechanized age!

YOU know, if you belong to the clan of circus addicts, that Bud Anderson has advertised at Giddings, Texas, for performers, workmen, lithographers and billposters for his Seal Bros. Circus. From Emporia, Kansas—once the home of that great circus-lover, William Allen White—a clarion call for all kinds of help has come from Robbins Bros. Circus. Down in Americus, Georgia, Sparton Bros. Circus has advertised for assistants who apparently must be of the true Spartan character.

Thus does the spirit of circus follow on fast feet the spirit of Christmas. To the organized addicts such as MGM's script writer, William "Bill" Lipman of Hollywood, or pharmacist Robert D. Good of Allentown, Pa., a prominent member of Circus Model Builders' and Owners' Association, the circus spirit dominates. It also dominates Joe Taggart of Rockford, Illinois, first of the circus modelers and still in the game. Likewise it dominates Attorney Melvin D. Hildreth who, because he was both a Democrat and a Circus Fan, put on an inauguration show at Washington for President Truman which became a three-ringed affair.

At one time, Gentry Bros. Dog & Pony Show had twelve college graduates on its staff, partly because the Gentry Show wintered at Bloomington, Indiana. For more than twenty years Bloomington, Illinois, has developed "flying return" trapeze acts in special training bands. The Flying Wards, the Flying Thrillers, Arthur (Art) and his wife, Antoinette Concello, came from there.

Reading, Pennsylvania, was for

many tenting seasons a training spot for acrobats. But York, near Reading, has produced more professional strong men, weight lifters, "modern Hercules", than any other American city—thanks largely to a man named Bob Hoffman and scientific heavy-weight or dumbbell lifting.

Away back in 1850 a young man known as Dan Rice, from New Jersey, learned enough from French "strong men" to set the vogue which persists in circuses as well as special lifting contests.

Almost any dyed-in-the-wool circus fan can tell you about Dan Rice, the strong man who became a \$1,000-per-week circus clown and confidential adviser to five United States Presidents. But they also can tell you about the historic Circus Centennial at Delavan, Wisconsin, on July 21, 1948.

Wisconsin was celebrating its centennial. The Circus Fans Association of America, Inc., to give its full name, boasted a lively State President in attorney Sverre O. Braathen of Madison, who fathered a Circus Fan's convention at Delavan because of that pretty lake town's circus background. My family records prove that, as a very young man, my late father, Josiah Monroe May, joined Older & Orton's Circus at Delavan in 1856, although many other circuses also trace back to Delavan.

The joint Centennial Celebration set up by President Braathen exceeded all expectations. Owner-Manager Zack Terrell—one of the most picturesque characters in circus business—graciously agreed to bring his Cole Brothers Circus, "second largest in the world", to Delavan on July 21, although Delavan boasted less than 4,000 residents, whereas Zack's three-ring big-top could accommodate 6,000.

As it was a very short railroad run from Janesville, Wisconsin, the July 21 stand, Manager Braathen and assistant energetic fans, Mayor, Governor, Chamber of Commerce, et cetera, announced a morning memorial program of nine numbers in Delavan's Spring Grove Cemetery and an afternoon of five numbers (songs, addresses and speeches) on the circus grounds (Edgemore Estate pasture) prior to the afternoon performance, to begin at 2:30 p.m. Somewhere during an interim Cole Brothers Circus was to give all Delavan and visitors a grand free glittering street parade.

Cole Bros. Circus train was due in the railroad yards at 8 a.m. By 6 a.m. thousands of strictly amateur circus fans had gathered in the yards from southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois to see the circus train unload the elephants. Unfortunately, en route from Janesville, the elephant car went off the track, with all thirteen elephants. Hence the

(Continued on page 52)

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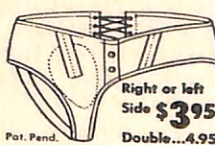
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largest came their way, but the town's senior citizen told them hope-fully:

"Tain't as easy for passes as was in the old wagon-show days, when circuses moved from town to town by horse-power, maybe fifteen miles a day. Now they're all motorized or travel by railroad trains. Pretty well organized. Don't need so much hired help. Still, I reckon they'll have to water their elephants."

At dawn Hills Bros. Mastodon Shows began arriving and putting its big top, menagerie, sideshows, cook-house and stables on the old fair-grounds. Down a ramp from a huge covered truck slowly and cautiously walked four elephants.

"Where's that water truck?" grumbled the boss bull-man to a canvassman.

"Got stalled on the road," the canvassman replied.

"Just like old wagon-show days," the boss bull-man grumbled. Then, catching sight of Carl and his pals, he said, "Here, you kids. Go to some house and fill these pails with water. Come back and give these bulls a drink. I'll put you into the show free."

THUS for eight magic hours did Carl and his pals happily slave to satisfy the thirst of four ponderous pachyderms. But the bull-man was honest. The boys sat in the blue seats and saw all the show, including The Cannon Ball King who let spectators "heft" the cannon balls before he tossed them into the air to catch them on the back of his neck.

"Just like Dan Ries did, when I was a boy," the town's oldest citizen confided to Carl. "Dan was the greatest strongman and clown that ever lived. But don't you boys fool with this cannon ball act. Might break your heads or necks."

Two hours of crowding and peanuts and animals and clowns (who always gave a free show to patients in local hospitals) and handsome men and beautiful women on the flying trapeze, and more beautiful ballet dancers on broad-backed white gallopers.

Everyone was in town and everyone having fun. You couldn't pack all that day in a few words of descriptions. There they were, tents all up, everyone busy, crowds coming and going, brassy bands playing, clowns cavorting more than you ever heard of before. At night another grand gala performance in the electric-lighted big-top. Lions and tigers roaring from their cages in the menagerie, elephants marching around and standing on their heads. My! That was exciting.

Parents and Carl, who should have been in bed, emerged with the highly-lighted big-top into a black night! The menagerie tent and menagerie were no longer there. The cook-house and stable tents were also missing. In the semi-darkness he could just make out a long row of loaded circus trucks. Then, out on

his feet, Carl was practically carried home to bed.

In the morning he rushed back to the show grounds. There was no sign of the circus—just waste paper, straw and bits of hay to remind him of a day filled with glory. Not a pole or a rope or a stick was left as a memento of a circus day he would always remember. Yet there was. He dashed to where he had seen the curb of the big-top's center ring, the curb against which the principal horses' shoes had struck as they galloped or cantered around the magic ring. The curb was gone but, magically, the hoofs of the principal horses—as show folks called them—had cut a nice little ring or circle in the grass.

Carl stood in the middle of it and thought of the departed ringmaster. He thought of all the glories of the circus day. He remembered how the side-show ticket-sellers had urged the townsfolk to see the sights within the sidelines and many tents.

"We're here today and gone tomorrow!" they had warned.

Well, they had gone, to some other town, where they would pitch, perform, tear down and go on again to pitch, at 150 towns during "the tenting season". All those minor and even smaller circuses struggled with wind, rain, hail, drought, snow and sometimes the unfriendliness of humanity, to add to the happiness of 15,000,000 Americans, not counting another 10,000,000 who during the winter months patronized the so-called indoor circuses.

But Carl, like millions of youngsters who remembered the circuses of their youth, when for the first time they saw an elephant or actually talked with a clown, or watched professionals prove what it meant to care for and control the human body—to them in all their later years they would remember what joy it brought to them on the day when a circus came to town!

A CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

"I'm purty stiddy, as a rule
When it comes to work.
There ain't a neighbor as'll say
They ever saw me shirk.
But now and then there comes a
day
When working won't go down,
It's jest my time for loafin'
When the circus comes to town.

"Sometimes when crops is back-
ward
And the stock gits sick and dies
And a fellar can't lay by a cent
No matter how he tries,
I go moping around the barn
All sorry like, until
My eye lights up with pleasure
When I see a circus bill.

"Then all the world seems new and
fresh
And everything is bright,
For we'll get some mood good
sunshine
When the circus comes to town."

"I Feel 10 Years Younger!"

Says Mr. A. P.

Before I started wearing my special **SPORTFLEX** support I looked and felt like an old man. Today, with this wonderful figure aid, I look 10 years younger and feel like a million!

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What a wonderful way to control those bulges! **SPORTFLEX** simply e-a-s-e-s you into upright, perfect posture without any restraining stays to dig into soft flesh! The wide 2-way stretch band of quality latex can't roll, bunch or bind. Soft, smooth detachable crotch gives sanitary super-support. Here's a sturdy, resilient figure aid for porous non-chafe control that launders like magic!

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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



The Ritualistic Team of Baton Rouge Lodge, winner of the Louisiana State Assn. Contest: Top row, left to right: Inner Guard H. A. Prochaska, Loyal Knight C. A. Ives, Jr., E.R. R. H. Hines, Lect. Knight D. R. Barfield, Jr.; seated: Lead. Knight B. L. Champagne, substituting for absentee James H. Gill; Esquire L. B. Page, and Chaplain T. J. Duhon, Jr.



The institution and initiating teams of Washington and Festus City, Mo., Lodges when Farmington, Mo., Lodge came into being. Seated are Acting G.E.R. Adolf Toben, State Pres. H. H. Russell, E.R. L. C. McCarty of the new lodge, D.D. A. J. Beckmann and Roy Nicholson of Festus Lodge, E.R. in charge.



Here is the "official party" at Towson, Md., Lodge's Golden Jubilee. Right to left: D.D. and Mrs. Daniel E. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. McNulty, Jr., Judge Frank I. Wheeler, Sr., one of the two surviving Charter Members, P.D.D. Charles G. Hawthorne, Federal Judge William P. Cole, Jr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, principal speaker, E.R. and Mrs. E. J. De Moss, and Program Chairman and Mrs. J. E. Raine, Jr.



Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge's former leaders who were honored on Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Seated, left, Abe Lowenstine and right, J. H. Wilson; standing, left to right, Paul E. Marks, Frank Fabing, Glenn Hardesty, Ernie Karow, C. W. Reeves, Charles Stinchfield, Edwin Green, Emil J. Torbeson, Stephen Deckro, Robert Hart, Walter Brownell and Harry Zimmerman.



Former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, John E. Drummey, addresses the guests at the dinner held during Seattle and Ballard, Wash., Lodges' recent get-together. Seated left to right are E.R. Ralph Knapp of Seattle Lodge, E.R. George D. Early of Ballard Lodge and Chaplain Chas. Bladine.



Springfield, Vt., Lodge recently honored one of its members, Ulysses "Tony" Lupien, former first-baseman for the Boston Red Sox, Philadelphia Phillies and the Chicago White Sox and now the property of the Detroit Tigers. Left to right: Secy. Claude Johnston, Est. Lect. Knight Kenneth Sheehan, Tony Lupien, E.R. Richard Sheridan, Est. Loyal Knight William Templeton, Jr., Est. Leading Knight Rupert Cahee.



Old Timers Night at Houston, Tex., Lodge found these Elks who have been members for 50 years or more. Left to right: L. A. Hamburger, H. T. O'Brien, E.R. Ralph L. Fowler, Dr. J. A. Kyle, A. R. Canfield and Lead. Knight Arthur Manson. In the background is W. F. Nelson, General Chairman for the event at which State Secy. H. S. Rubenstein was present.



E. Palmer, right, acting for Grand Trustee Sam Stern, accepts James-town, N. D., Lodge's \$5,275 check for the Grand Chaplain Father Peter McGeough Memorial Fund from E.R. T. J. Farley. H. Wicks stands at center.



Chairman William Jernick of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and Wm. M. Frasier, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, join Nutley, N. J., Lodge's Elks Servicemen's Welfare Committeemen and their ladies at a dinner whose proceeds swelled the entertainment fund for the State's hospitalized veterans.



P.E.R.'s of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, when P.E.R. L. W. Spolar acted as Exalted Ruler in the initiation of 17 members in his honor.

LODGE

NOTES



Furthering the Elks' Youth Movement, D.D. George F. Murphy of **MASSACHUSETTS CENTRAL** presented a silver football charm to Capt. George Cronin and the 18 other members of the Framingham High School football squad . . . **RUSSELL, KANS.**, Elks made a \$50 gift to the Boy and Girl Finance Drive of its city, its first participation in a local project . . . When Howard J. Jackson of **BRISTOL, CONN.**, Lodge boarded a United Air Lines plane for an extended trip he carried the longest ticket in the history of operations at Bradley Field. Ten and a half feet of paper, the tickets are flight reservations to 46 U.S. cities. . . . **ALBANY, N. Y.**, Lodge's luncheon given by the Essay Contest Committee was attended by 12 superintendents of the high school systems in the lodge's jurisdiction . . . The quarterly meeting of the **N. J. STATE ELKS ASSN.** at Trenton was presided over by Pres. Chas. P. McGovern. Chairman Joseph F. Bader of the Association's Paraplegic Committee was announced as the recipient of the Catholic War Veterans State Commander's Award for his work for veterans, especially paraplegics . . . **WILLARD, OHIO**, Lodge held open house for a happy crowd of Elks and their guests who celebrated the opening of the lodge home's newly decorated club-room. Begun in November, the renovation and redecoration of the rooms leave nothing to be desired in eye-appeal . . .

REMEMBER FLAG DAY

Lodges that wish to have their Flag Day Services considered for publication in the Magazine, must have their material in the hands of Grand Lodge Activities Committee Chairman Wm. J. Jernick, 44 Alexander Ave., Nutley 10, N. J., by June 24.



At the Seventh Annual Dinner, election and entertainment of the 25 Year Club of Findlay, Ohio, Lodge, left to right: Clay P. Edie, Rusty Orndorff, Danny Griffin, Del Drake, former big-league ball player, and Club President Russ Hodge.



Pictured enjoying the main course at the oyster roast held during the recent meeting of the Md., Dela., and D. C. Assn., at Cambridge are, left to right: P.E.R. George Groff, E.R. C. W. Mowbray, Esq. C. B. Mace and Pres. H. I. Stegmaier.



E.R. W. J. Grace, left, presents Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge's gift of a television set for the patients of the Summit Park Sanatorium to Doctor Robert Yeager, Superintendent.



The Bowling Team of Olean, N. Y., Lodge, three-time City League Champions. Left to right: Joe Krott, Capt. Joe Bush, Tom Maroney, "Izzy" Schiff, and Jerry Rogers.



On San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge's Arizona Elks Day 115 visitors arrived by plane, bus, railroad and car, to be entertained at the National Orange Show and a game between

the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Chicago Cubs. Present were Grand Est. Lead, Knight M. H. Starkweather, Past Ariz. State Presidents Joseph F. Mayer and H. E. Williams.

NEWS OF THE

Lodges

HARRISBURG, PA., Lodge, No. 12, sponsored the 14th Annual Harrisburg Kennel Club Dog Show in March, as has been its practice for many years. Approximately 800 dogs representing 70 breeds were entered for judging in the many competitions.

Entries were received from owners in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Virginia, as well as the home State. The program included a demonstration by dogs that work with the Pennsylvania State Police, and the presentation of awards to the class winners.

This show has grown tremendously in popularity since its inception, to become the largest event of its kind in Central Pennsylvania. Over 3,000 persons were attracted to the show, including visitors from outlying districts. Proceeds went to the lodge's Charity Fund.

KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 468, celebrated a two-day observance of its 50th Anniversary with a banquet, dance, installation of officers, a parade, barbecue, initiation, open house, buffet lunch and a stage show imported from Hollywood. On hand to help in the celebration were the three surviving Charter Members, D. F. Meredith, A. F. Harris and John Phelan.

Kingman's officers have quite a reputation for traveling, having visited all five lodges in the District, and ten members of No. 468 made a weekend trip to San Bernardino not long ago.

The ladies of Kingman Lodge are just as active as their menfolk and are giving staunch support to the Elks' VA Hospital program.



Centralia, Wash., Lodge's P.D.D.'s Night was held in honor of P.E.R. Guy Taylor, P.D.D. and an Elk for 30 years. First row, left to right: D.D. John Panesko, E.R. James Denney, P.D.D. Taylor, Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and P.D.D.'s George Simpson and Edwin Alexander. Second row: P.D.D. Emmett Krefting, State Vice-President V. P. McNamara, P.D.D. Joseph Breckel, State Association Trustee William Singer and the officers and Trustees of Centralia Lodge.



Past Exalted Ruler Dennis C. Sullivan with the class of candidates initiated in his honor by the Past Exalted Rulers of Madison, Wisconsin, Lodge.



Paterson, N. J., Lodge's Friday Night Bowling Club members and their wives celebrate their 35th Anniversary.



Yuma, Ariz., Lodge's Quadrille, composed of Elks, wives and daughters. In existence only a year, the Quadrille has been in great demand throughout Arizona and Southern California.



These McMinnville, Oregon, Elk sharp-shooters have organized themselves into a small bore rifle team and would like to schedule matches with other Elk teams, either shoulder to shoulder or through the facilities of the U. S. Post Office. Left to right: Thurman Hart, Arthur F. Fisher, Maurice Parmenter, T. Lee Warren, Fred Matches, Frank Maloney and Arlie Collins. If interested, contact the lodge.



At Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night, left to right, standing: E.R. C. H. Peckelis, Neal Bird, and initiates R. Drumm, E. F. Meyer, and C. Sniper; second row: P.E.R.'s J. B. Brewer, Earl Sumner, Thad Carlton, J. W. Riggs, E. S. Willes and O. F. Kelley; seated: P.E.R.'s I. O. Bishop, C. E. Getchell, Chief Justice of the Florida Supreme Court Alto Adams, J. A. Tucker, Jr., G. L. Sullivan and C. D. Mustaine.



Rutland, Vt., Elks welcome State Pres. Earl H. Weeks. Left to right, seated: Chaplain R. N. Owens, Mr. Weeks, E.R. F. L. Mumford, Lead. Knight Charles Hinchey; standing: Organist Robert Blay, Esq. Leo Keefe, Lect. Knight Howard Manley, Secy. William Keavney, Inner Guard Robert Lawrence, Loyal Knight Geo. Dahlgren and Tiler Chas. Edinger.



Clifford W. Olmsted of Portland, Ore., Lodge, one of the 21 Elks who offered blood at the new regional blood center, has his blood pressure counted by Darlene Roberts as two other Elk donors, Marc Bowman, Director of the new Portland Blood Center, left, and Harry L. Shadduck, await their turn. Larry A. Caputo was the first Elk to register on Elks Day.

NEWS OF THE

Lodges

DANVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 332, has received high praise indeed on the Blood Bank it maintains at Lake View Hospital. Dr. T. H. Seldon, a Mayo Brothers physician described it as "second to none", not long ago and was unable to find any criticism to make. Asked if he had any suggestions for improving the operation of the Elks Blood Bank, Dr. Seldon, famed transfusion expert at the renowned Rochester, Minn., Mayo Clinic, announced that the Bank was beautifully run and without compare.



The officers of Columbia, Pa., Lodge present to Columbia Hospital a \$1,000 check, the proceeds of the lodge's Minstrel Show. Left to right: Lead. Knight C. H. Pearce, R. A. Patton, Dr. J. D. Denney, Pres. of the Board; D.D. C. B. Fridy, Jr., Supt. A. B. McNeal, P.E.R. W. R. Splain, E.R. W. H. Collins, Treas. M. J. McMillen, Dr. S. W. McNeal, Chief of Staff, Dr. James Armstrong, P.E.R., Lodge and Hospital Board Secy.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

DATES FOR 1949

State	Place	Date
Texas	San Antonio	June 2, 3, 4.
Md., Del. and D. C.	Pocomoke City, Md.	June 2, 3, 4, 5.
Iowa	Council Bluffs	June 3, 4, 5.
Oregon	Klamath Falls	June 3, 4, 5.
Indiana	Terre Haute	June 3, 4, 5.
South Dakota	Watertown	June 3, 4, 5.
North Dakota	Grand Forks	June 5, 6, 7.
Connecticut	Meriden	June 4.
South Carolina	Columbia	June 4, 5.
West Virginia	Bluefield	June 9, 10, 11, 12.
	(Princeton co-host)	
Idaho	Burley	June 10, 11.
Michigan	Grand Rapids	June 10, 11, 12.
Minnesota	Mankato	June 10, 11, 12.
Nebraska	North Platte	June 11, 12, 13.
New York	Albany	June 16, 17, 18.
Washington	Spokane	June 16, 17, 18.
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 17, 18, 19.
Mississippi	Biloxi	June 17, 18, 19.
Massachusetts	Boston	June 18.
Rhode Island	Westerly	June 18.
Montana	Bozeman	July 21, 22, 23.
Virginia	Norfolk	Aug. 14, 15, 16.
Wisconsin	Appleton	Aug. 18, 19, 20.
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	Aug. 21 to 25.
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31, Sept. 1.
Colorado	Ouray	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
California	Long Beach	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Tennessee	Jackson	Sept. 23, 24.



Watertown, Mass., Lodge's "400 Club" contributes \$500 to the Beth Israel Hospital. Another \$500 went to the Children's Hospital, both contributions for research. Left to right: E.L.K. D. S. Cohen, Philip Kreem, E.R. George Keary, P.E.R. T. F. Maloney, Dr. Charles Wilansky, Pres., Beth Israel, Charles DeMarais and P.E.R. Louis Caporiccio, club founder.



Homestead, Pa., Lodge's Degree Team, pictured with a class of 74 candidates initiated on P.E.R.'s Night.

LODGE

NOTES



Rossmann H. Wynkoop, Managing Editor of the *Bergen Evening Record*, was named Elk of the Year by **HACKENSACK, N. J.**, Lodge for distinguished service as Chairman of Publicity and Editor of the lodge bulletin. The award, the first of its kind, was made by Pres. E. M. Wulster of the P.E.R.'s Assn. . . . **IOWA CITY, IA.**, Lodge celebrated P.E.R.'s Night with a special dinner at which Rev. Herman Strut, who served as Army Chaplain in the Pacific in World War II, was guest speaker . . . An error in placing captions for two of our Elk Family Album pictures last month mixed up the Rogers family of Las Vegas, N.M., and the Waugh family of Spokane, Wash., which we regret. P.D.D. Alfred E. Rogers initiated his two sons during the past war when they were home on furlough. A few weeks ago he had the pleasure of installing both of them as lodge officers: Alfred, Jr., as Esquire and Leroy as Lect. Knight. Secy. of the N. M. State Assn. for three years, P.D.D. Rogers had served his lodge in every office before his sons started their Elk career . . . C. F. Lagerholm was installed as Chaplain of **GREENVILLE, S. C.**, Lodge, a regular procedure since 1913. In all that time, Chaplain Lagerholm has missed only three meetings of his lodge . . . Speaking of records in meeting attendance, R. Chess McGhee has something unusual in his background. Elected Exalted Ruler of **LYNCHBURG, VA.**, Lodge 39 years ago, he has since served 22 years as Esquire, has been Pres. of his State Assn., been Grand Tiler and District Deputy. During his 22 years as Esquire, he missed only three meetings of his lodge, each time because he was at a meeting of an out-of-town lodge. That's quite a record . . . **NEWTON, MASS.**, Lodge took occasion to pay tribute to its leader of the past two years, when 300 members turned out on P.E.R. Nicholas Veducchio Night.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, entertained its "Old Timers" recently at a reception and dinner at which over 500 Elks were on hand, including more than 300 who have been members for more than two decades. The only Charter Member able to attend was W. S. Maxey, an Elk since 1896. P.E.R. Judge C. F. Koelsch, a member for 44 years, spoke on behalf of his fellow long-time

members, and E.R. F. Golden Geertsens responded.

Awards were given to W. N. Sweet, John Walker and Arthur Smith who have been affiliated with the lodge for more than 50 years, and to four Elks who were 20-year members. The Elks Chorus, second-place winners at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland entertained, as did the Elks Pep Band.



Worcester, Mass., Lodge's Past Exalted Ruler's Night found these Past District Deputies, all former Worcester Lodge leaders, in conversation with the present Exalted Ruler. Left to right: Emil Zaeder, Richard A. Cantwell, E.R. Alfred A. Saltus and Henry C. Walsh. A class of 38 was initiated.



E.R. Barney Wolf hands Mitchell, S.D., Lodge's checks for \$2,500 each to Sister Celine of St. Joseph's Hospital, and the Rev. E. T. Gough of the Methodist State Hospital. Standing, left to right: Trustee Tom McCall, Lead. Knight Perry Paullin, and Trustees W. R. Danforth and Frank Collins.



Honus Wagner, who started his baseball career in Steubenville, Ohio, is honored by members of the local lodge on Old Timers Night, when a class of thirteen candidates was initiated and five 50-year members honored.



Exemplifying the Ritual the Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge's officers initiated a class of 28 at Brainerd Lodge. The candidates are seated, while the host lodge officials stand behind the Minneapolis leaders.



A milestone in the 45-year history of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge was marked when 21 men were initiated, setting a new record for the lodge, on P.E.R.'s Night.



A class of 17 new Elks was initiated by Circleville, Ohio, Lodge in honor of its 27 P.E.R.'s. The P.E.R.'s and new members are pictured with the lodge officers.



The largest class ever to enter York, Neb., Lodge.



Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge welcomed a Grand Exalted Ruler for the first time in its history when Mr. Hall attended a dinner there. Pictured, left to right: Mayor B. J. Santoro, P.E.R., Dinner Chairman Leo H. Heithaus, P.E.R., Mr. Hall, E.R. James A. Steen and D.D. Victor D. Levitt, Jr., of Mount Vernon Lodge.



Present on the occasion of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge's banquet for the Grand Exalted Ruler were, left to right: Judge Fred W. Davis, D.D. Samuel M. Braybrook, E.R. Robert F. Melick, George I. Hall, retiring E.R. B. K. Williams, State Association President John T. Gross, P.D.D. Frank S. LaBar and Pat Conerty.



At Sharon, Pa., Lodge, seated left to right: Msgr. James F. Murphy, Mr. Hall, Grand Secretary J. E. Masters and Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader. Standing: D.D. E. McWherter, left, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner.



At Albany, N. Y., Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by a large class of candidates initiated in his honor. To his left is State Assn. Trustee P. A. Buchheim.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

(Continued from page 18)

District officials at a dinner. Again, Mr. Hall installed the new lodge officers, addressing about 350 at the lodge session.

Apr. 11th found Mr. Hall at a banquet given by **FREEPORT, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1253**, at which nearly 400 Elks and civic officials were present.

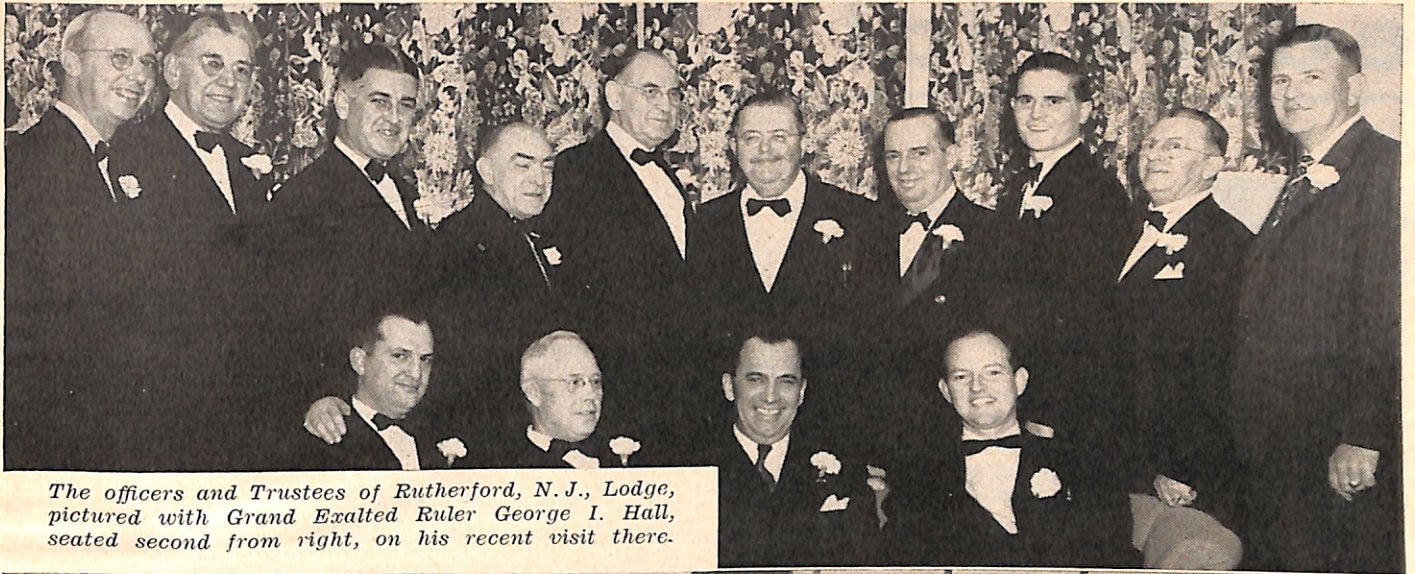
The next day, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and James R. Nicholson, Mr. Hall was received at the White House by President Harry S. Truman, a member of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, for a conference on the Elks' Essay Contest, "Why Democracy Works".

Back in his home State on the 13th, Mr. Hall traveled to Westchester County to be the first Grand Exalted Ruler to be a guest of **MAMARONECK, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1457**, at a banquet and meeting attended by about 300.

On the 14th, Mr. Hall awarded prizes to the winners in the Essay Contest conducted by his own lodge, and then attended the installation ceremonies for that lodge, **LYNBROOK, N. Y., NO. 1515**, when he did the honors for the incoming leaders.

On the 18th, accompanied by P.D.D. James Gunn, P.E.R. Leo Heithaus of Mamaroneck and State Pres. John J. Sweeney, Mr. Hall drove Upstate once again to address about 400 Elks at a banquet held at the home of **POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 275**, at which former State Chaplain Rev. Father Thaddeus K. Kaminski acted as Toastmaster. At this meeting, No. 275 distributed about \$3,400 to the four Hospitals in its jurisdiction.

YONKERS, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 707, welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Hall and their son on Apr. 20th. Upon their arrival, a Boy Scout Troop lined up to salute the Order's leader who reciprocated with an inspiring address to them later at the lodge home, when each boy received an American Flag from him. They in turn presented a framed resolution of appreciation to Mr. Hall, together with a beautiful desk set carrying their insignia. A banquet followed, at which Mr. Hall addressed about 400 Elks, their ladies and out-of-town visitors.



The officers and Trustees of Rutherford, N.J., Lodge, pictured with Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, seated second from right, on his recent visit there.



Iowa City, Ia., Elks pictured at a meeting with Mr. Hall and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.



Ames, Ia., officials with, seated, left to right: D.D. Harry J. Schmidt, Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, E.R. Keith Rushing and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner.



Illinois Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner pictured in Chicago on Mr. Hall's arrival for the meeting of the Illinois Northeast Dist. Assn.

editorial



'49-'50 AMBITIONS

The new lodge year, which began in April, is viewed with interest from two angles.

First in importance, of course, is its significance to our 1516 lodges. For them April meant a fresh start, the inauguration of a new span for registering progress. How they will improve the already broad highway of service to fellowmen, to community, to country will depend on the degree of teamwork between the membership and the officers, old and new. Key responsibility for progress in the period will devolve upon the Exalted Ruler invested with lodge leadership. For him, now, at the beginning, is the magic moment, the time when all hands will be extended willingly to help. If he will seize on it, invite the counsel of the Past Exalted Rulers, lean heavily on the experience of his lodge Secretary, and charge associate officers with his own enthusiasm, he will come quickly upon the path leading to accomplishment and new achievement. A quick grasp of the responsibilities of his office, a sound program of activity, an alertness to new opportunities for the lodge will win him the earnest cooperation of the membership and the utmost in satisfaction for a job well done.

We mentioned another angle from which the '49-'50 lodge year is watched with eager anticipation.

The Order is marching steadily toward the next important milestone in the fraternal sphere—membership of a million. That noteworthy mark should be reached sometime in the new Lodge year. We should all dedicate ourselves to seeing that it becomes a reality at the earliest possible date.

The prospect of that magnetic state of membership of a million sparks our imagination and tempts us to speculate on what lies beyond it for the Order of Elks. Increasing numbers . . . greater service? It is not very long since the Order approached the one hundred thousand membership mark in the lodge year 1901-02. Then our lodges had assets of \$3,568,831.00, were spending \$143,072.26 annually for charity. When that mark was passed, George A. Reynolds, then Grand Secretary, commented in his annual report to the 1902 Grand Lodge: "There is no limit to our growth of membership." Despite the boundless enthusiasm of that remark, we doubt that he visualized an Order of our present numbers, with lodge assets of over \$180 million, and lodge charitable expenditures of some \$6 million a year.

Today, there is no reason to show less enthusiasm for further growth. At this period in our history, when many citizens are discovered to be washed with dyes of pink and red, identified true-blue Americans such as make up the rank and file of our Order are a bulwark of the nation.



"This, MY Home"

The senior members of our Order who are spending their advanced years in the beautiful Virginia countryside surrounding Bedford pass their days peacefully and quietly in the substantial Home which our

Order thoughtfully erected for their comfort and which the present residents themselves helped to support in earlier years.

It is seldom that we hear from them, but once in a while a letter written by a brother resident to his home-town lodge comes to our attention, such as the following, published in the bulletin of Phoenix, Arizona, Lodge, No. 335:

"Somehow," the letter ran, "I feel more at rest here than I ever felt in my own old home, and more contented. I have

only been here three months, but it now seems like years. I do know, that the doctor here and the wonderful nurses are pulling me into a state of feeling more at ease with myself. It just seems like a pleasant dream. They treat me more like a loved brother than a stranger; every little detail is attended to with loving hands and utmost care.

"I am the only one here from Arizona, and I will always try to be a credit to my lodge and State. Harry Lawrence of Winslow Lodge died and was buried here. I was at the Lodge of Sorrow, attended his funeral; it was a very impressive ceremony.

"I am now commencing to get acquainted with some of the Brothers here and find most of them congenial. I can't as yet get out very much and spend most of my time in bed, but gradually I am improving so that I can enjoy most of the wonderful resources of this, MY home."

The letter reflects the buoyant spirit of this member of our Order who refused to be discouraged by the oppressive hand of illness and who seeks beauty in life rather than misery. Many who read it will derive inspiration from its lines. Its message that the appointments for guests at the Home and the care with which their needs are administered prove more than adequate, imparts a sense of warm gratification.



ALL OUT FOR THE BOY SCOUTS

An article in the March issue of *The Elks Magazine* took cognizance of the important role played by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the national Boy Scout Organization.

At the Grand Lodge Session held in Portland, Oregon, in July of 1947, following the report of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart who had been appointed to represent the Elks in the Boy Scouts National Civic Relationship Committee for the purpose of coordinating Elks sponsorship of Boy Scout units a resolution was adopted recommending to the subordinate lodges of the Order that they "enthusiastically participate in and support the program of sponsoring and leading Boy Scout troops within their respective jurisdictions, and urging them to give special consideration to the needs of scout work in less privileged neighborhoods and districts."

Since the adoption of the resolution the number of Elks sponsored Scout units has increased 100% or from about 250 to 500 units. Between 700 to 800 lodges gave support to the Boy Scout movement and their sponsorship included donations of money, camps and facilities. As an example of reciprocity a great many former scouts are now Elks.

It has been suggested that the most efficient method for Elks to further interest in this movement is for the Boy Scout Councils to survey their needs and then, if there is a field of action or a project which requires support, to appeal for assistance to the Elks lodge in their community.

Such an appeal should be channeled through some prominent or active Elk interested in the Boy Scout movement or, in the absence of such an individual, through the Exalted Ruler of the subordinate lodge under consideration.

The Order of Elks is deeply interested and concerned with the needs of underprivileged and "less chance" youth.

It has shown its interest and concern by demonstrating the fact that there is no field of Scout activity, no project of any type or magnitude, that has not been assisted and supported by Elks lodges and individual members of the Order.

As an indication of the appreciation of the Order's participation in and assistance to the Boy Scout movement, we can cite hundreds of instances where the Boy Scouts have taken part actively and enthusiastically in subordinate lodge programs. They have been much in evidence and made a splendid impression at receptions given for the Grand Exalted Ruler on his visits to the subordinate lodges.

The Boy Scouts are all out for the Order of Elks.

The Elks are all out for the Boy Scouts of America.



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